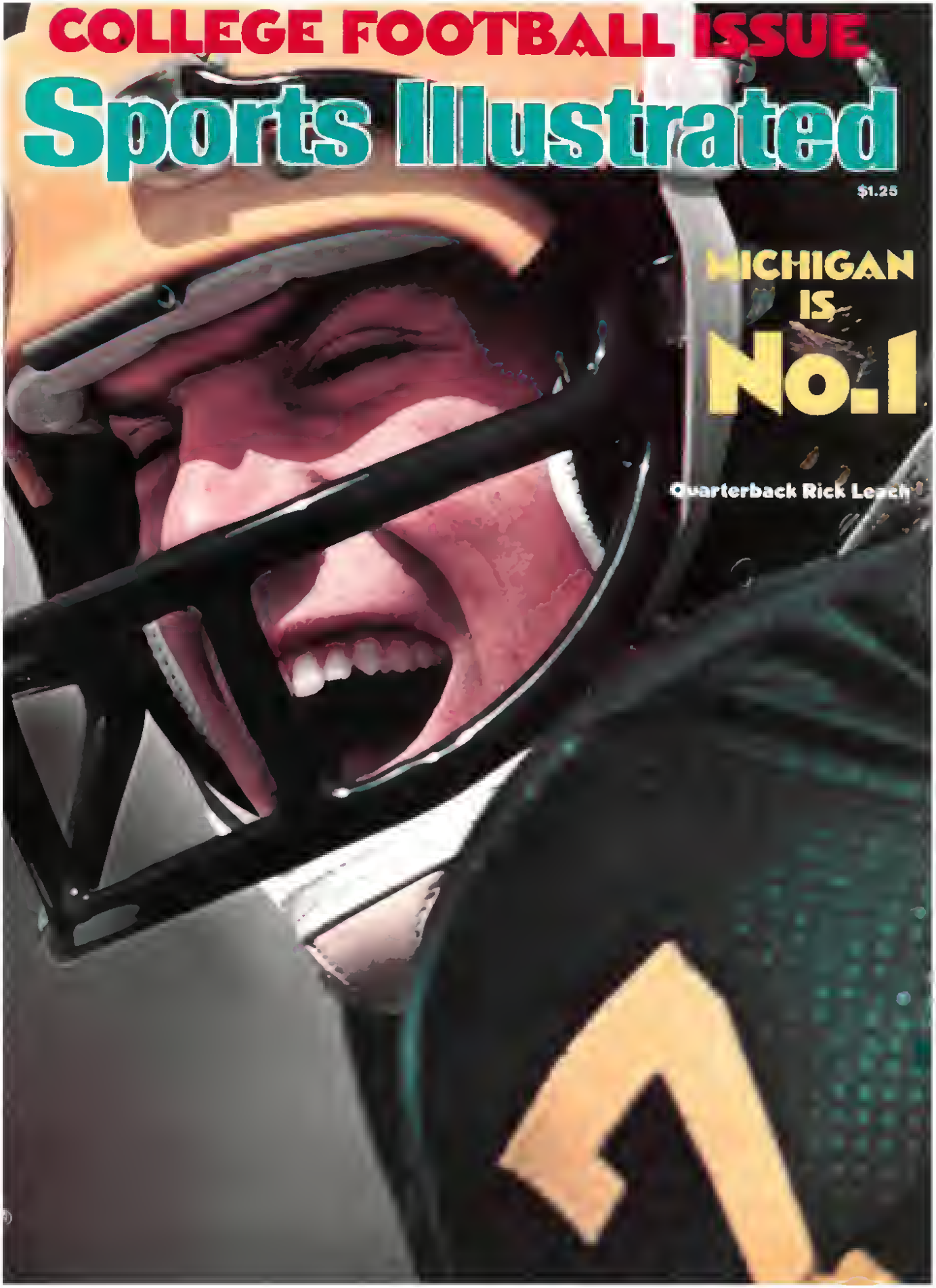
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Sports Illustrated

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PRO FOOTBALL 1976 arrives, replete with Wanda, Meg, Do Dad and 43 Purple Sloop. Dan Jenkins, NFL glossary in hand, reviews recent events, previews the upcoming season and makes some funnies. Robert F. Jones gets Bud Grant to crack his Great Stone Face during a lakeside visit with the Viking coach and, in a definitive article on the 3,500 miles of tape used annually by the pros, wraps up that subject once and for all. Plus all the inside dope on the 28 NFL teams.

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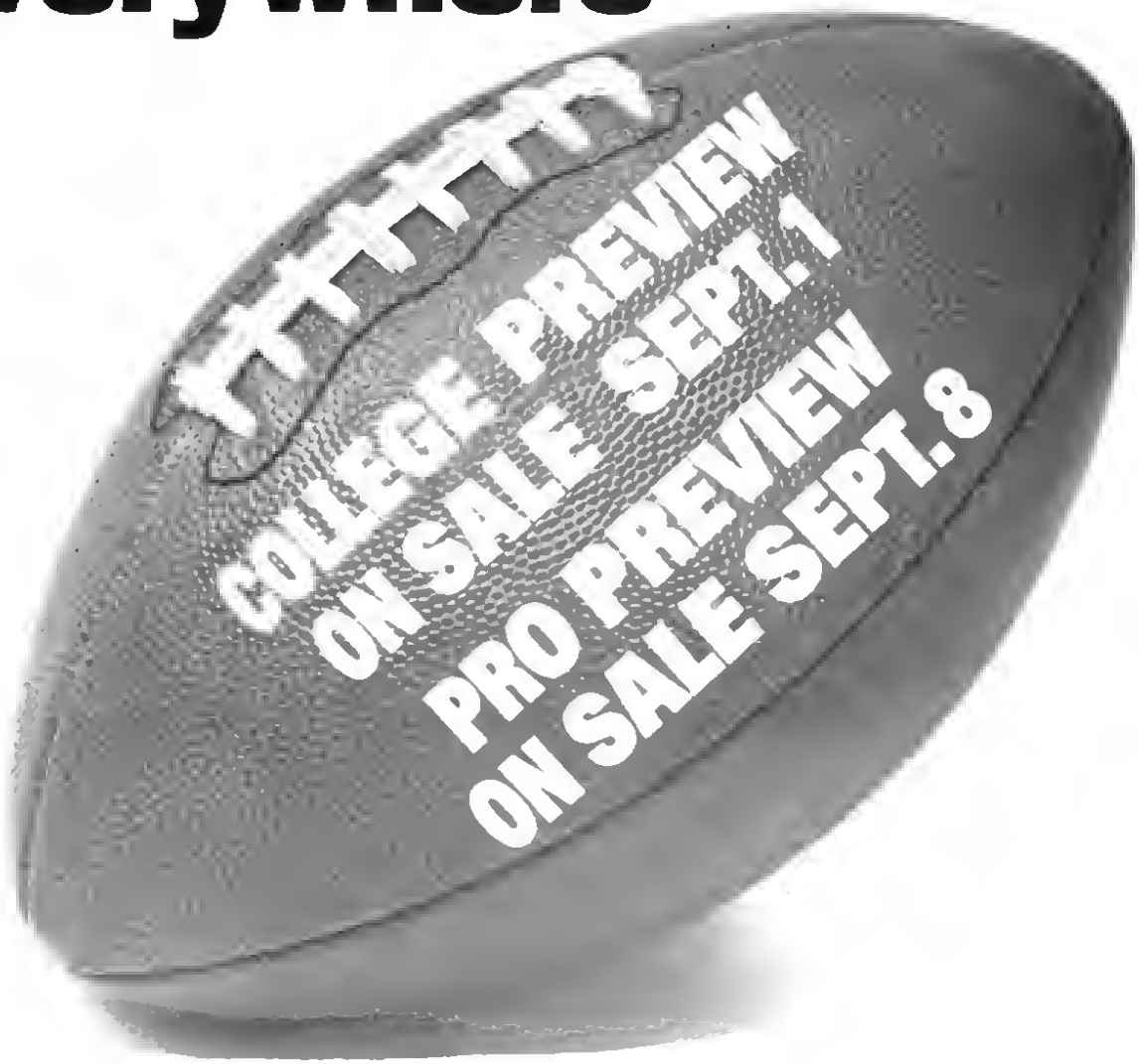
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** Manufacturer's suggested retail price plus tax, license, transportation charges, optional equipment and dealer's preparation charges.

Civic CVCC 1488cc		Price**	EPA Mileage Estimates* Hwy.	City	Combined Hwy. & City
Sedan	(4-Speed)	$2979	42	32	36
Hatchback	(4-Speed)	$3189	42	32	36
	(Hondamatic)	$3349	33	25	28
Wagon	(4-Speed)	$3419	37	26	30
	(Hondamatic)	$3579	32	24	27
5-Speed Hatchback	(All states except Calif.)	$3469	47	35	40
	(Calif. Model)	$3469	44	31	36
Avg. Sedan/Hatchback (4- & 5-Spd.)			43	32	36
Civic 1237cc (Not avail. in Calif.)					
Sedan	(4-Speed)	$2729	41	28	32
Hatchback	(4-Speed)	$2939	41	28	32
	(Hondamatic)	$3099	30	24	27

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SCORECARD

Edited by WILLIAM OSCAR JOHNSON

OLD KICKERS NEVER DIE . . .

George Blanda left the Oakland Raiders' camp one day last week while the team was practicing. He simply packed his bag, carried it to his car and drove away without so much as a goodby wave to 26 years of professional football. The Raiders didn't bother to announce his departure, and there were no plans for a retirement banquet or any formal farewells—George Blanda was simply out of a job.

Only weeks shurt uf his 49th birthday, he is the oldest man ever to play in the NFL and its leading scorer (2,002 points), a legend if not an idol, a gruff and stubborn Methuselah who refused to resign voluntarily as the Raiders wanted him to do. He went home to La Grange Park, Ill. to play golf and wait to see if any other team might pick up his option. "They'd be nuts if they did," he snorted, referring to his $90,000 contract, "but if somebody is crazy enough to pick me up, I'll decide then."

It had been clear for a couple of years that Blanda could no longer kick consistently for distance, and this season it was plain that the Raiders were not about to keep him on merely as a fifth-string quarterback. They did not even let him kick once in exhibition games. His replacement is a rookie, a 23-year-old left-footed soccer-style kicker from Germany (and Boston College) named Fred Steinfort. When Blanda was asked about Steinfort, he replied acidly, "What was it Norm Van Brocklin always said—that the immigration laws ought to be tightened?" Blanda had never said hello to Steinfort in camp this summer.

So there was acrimony in the old man's departure and that was a shame, but George Blanda was never anything but tough, never one to bathe himself in sentiment. Last week he spoke with characteristic bluntness: "I'm not melancholy about leaving, just a little frustrated that they kept me around six weeks doing nothing and not even telling me. I learned a long time ago that you only have a few friends in this world—your wife and family and a very few friends."

IN HER MAJESTY'S SERVICE

One of the stipulations the city of Edmonton, Alberta agreed to when it bid for the 1978 Commonwealth Games was that it would provide a special royal convenience adjacent to the royal box from which Queen Elizabeth would view the competitions. This seemed reasonable enough, but when the plans for the royal loo in the new stadium were recently made public, they threw the Edmonton city council into a full afternoon of hot debate.

The blueprints called for a facility in a room of fully 550 square feet, to be built at a cost of $50,000. Alderman Ed Leger accused the games' organizers of having "a Montreal Olympic complex." He sneered, "Fifty thousand for a biffy! They have to be out of their bloody minds, unless they can charge admission later to look at the Folly of Edmonton." He suggested that draping a bit of gold braid around an ordinary w.c. should be quite sufficient. Alderman David Leadbeater replied that $10,000 was more than enough, and he cried out, "We're not a colony anymore, you know!"

True enough. But the roots of Empire run deep indeed and, once the shouting was over, the Queen's loyal subjects overcame the antiroyalists and voted to provide the $50,000 facility for Her Majesty's throne-away-from-home.

NEW WORLD ORDER

The success of U.S. and Cuban boxers in the Montreal Olympics has led to an unusually candid—and uncommonly self-critical—appraisal of the new order of dominance in amateur boxing by none other than a former Russian boxing champion, Gleb Tolstikov.

Writing for the official news agency Tass, Tolstikov said bluntly, "The sportsmen of the U.S.S.R., the German Democratic Republic and Poland are living through a certain crisis. Whereas the Europeans conducted their bouts in a calm manner, relying on their superiority in technique, the American and Cuban sportsmen demonstrated a very fast style without detriment to their technical skills.

"They would suddenly go into their highest gear and deliver a large number of accurate and hard blows. It can be said that today the boxing world is led by the schools of Cuba and the United States."

If such candor catches on in official Soviet circles, Tass may soon stun the world by announcing that the Russians did not really invent the telephone, telegraph, radio, roller skates, penicillin, etc., etc., after all.

DOWN AND OUT IN CORPUS CHRISTI

The Seguin (Texas) Toros play in the Class A Gulf States League, and like many minor league teams they are suffering from a grave case of the financial shorts. Not long ago the Seguin management ruled that in order to save food and lodging expenses the team would have to return home after each game of a three-game series in Corpus Christi. The first night the Toros played, lost, boarded a bus and rode the 165 miles home. The next day they made the 165-mile return trip to Corpus Christi, played another night game, lost again.



The bus arrived for the run home to Seguin. Now the players muttered, growled and finally threatened mutiny if they had to make the trip again. They told the club owner they would rather sleep on the beach in Corpus Christi than suffer through the bus ride again. He agreed to let them. The next night the exhausted beachcombers played once more—and lost once more, their 13th consecutive defeat.

continued

THE IS 100



The Liquid Phone—first telephone to carry the words of Alexander Graham Bell

March 10, 1876: "Mr. Watson, come here-I want to see you!"



In the years since Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone, it has progressed from a curiosity piece to an instrument people everywhere depend upon for their daily existence.

Here are some of the things that have made that progress possible



February 6, 1882: Western Electric wins competition to manufacture phones for Bell.

In Boston, Anson Stager, Enos Barton, and Charles Scribner of the Western Electric Manufacturing Company met with Alexander Graham Bell to demonstrate a telephone they had built to Bell's specifications. Its quality was superior and convinced Bell to award Western Electric the contract to manufacture it

Western Electric became a partner in the growing Bell System. And today it still performs the same vital task it began 94 years ago: building the highest quality telephones, switchboards and connecting equipment at a reasonable cost

June 17, 1914: Transcontinental telephone line is completed.

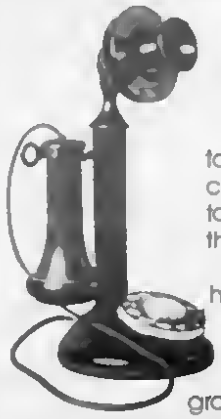


To a group of men near the town of Wendover on the Utah Nevada border, it had been a grueling five-year project. They had installed 130,000 telephone poles, strung 13,600 miles of wire. They had endured summer days of 130° and weathered snowfalls so blinding even their pack animals were forced to wear dark glasses. It was an enormous task. But linking both coasts by telephone had been worth it.

When service began in January, 1915, a call from New York to San Francisco took 23 minutes to go through. The cost was $20.70. Today, a coast-to-coast call can be made in seconds for under a quarter

To celebrate the 100th anniversary of the telephone, the Bell System Family Theatre

TELEPHONE YEARS OLD.



November 8, 1919: Dial service begins.

In Norfolk, Virginia, Bell customers could do something they couldn't do before. They were able to pick up a telephone and dial their own calls.

In the past, operators had to connect each call by hand. But the operators, mostly young boys at first and then women, couldn't keep up with the growing number of calls.

Beginning in 1919, machines made dial service possible. With it, the telephone as we know it today was born.

April 7, 1927: First television transmission.

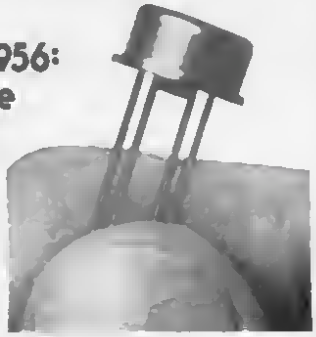


In New York, a handful of people were given a glimpse of the future. It was called television.

In this first demonstration in America, Herbert Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, spoke from Washington, D.C. The picture was carried over telephone lines by a system developed at Bell Laboratories. It was only an experiment. And, at the time, few people realized just how successful it would turn out to be.

The Bell System is still deeply involved in television. In fact, the network shows you now enjoy come to you in much the same way as the first one in 1927—through the Bell System network.

December 10, 1956: The inventors of the transistor receive the Nobel Prize.



The men who were awarded the prize, John Bardeen, William Shockley and Walter H. Brattain of Bell Labs, had invented the transistor in 1947 to help improve telephone equipment.

In a thousand different ways, from push-button phones to satellite communications, it has done just that. But at the same time, it also helped make a whole new world of technology possible. In computers, modern radio and television, even man's conquest of space, the transistor has played a major role.

All of which raises an interesting question: what might the phone company think of next?

The Second Hundred Years.

To Alexander Graham Bell, the present was never quite good enough. It could always be improved upon.

At the Bell System we believe the same thing. We take great pride in the accomplishments of yesterday and today, but we're continually at work on the future. For example, even now we're starting Electronic Long Distance Switching—a computerized way to make long distance calling faster and more efficient than ever before. Further in the future, we'll have Lightwave Communications, a system that will carry phone calls on a beam of light.

Alexander Graham Bell invented the telephone to help people communicate better. Our goal is to keep improving on his dream.

We're keeping America's phone system the best in the world.

Bell System

presents The Bell Telephone "JUBILEE!" Hosted by Bing Crosby and Liza Minnelli.
Wednesday, September 8, 8pm ET, NBC-TV

HOME SWEET HOME

A couple of weeks ago Minnesota Twins Manager Gene Mauch was asked what value he placed on hometown rooters, and he scoffed, "It's almost an indictment of a team to say that outside stimulation like a cheering crowd has an effect on a club's performance. I've never put any great emphasis on that as a factor in athletic performance." Now Mauch is as intelligent and resourceful as most anyone in major league sports. But here, it would seem, he is probably dead wrong.

In an article to be published in *Social Forces*, a journal of sociology, two professors beg to differ with the likes of Mauch, and they have assembled a dazzling array of statistics, tables, theories and $4 phraseology to prove they are right. Barry Schwartz of the University of Chicago and Stephen F. Barsky of Temple begin their treatise by quoting from the preeminent sociologist Émile Durkheim, who wrote, "In the midst of an assembly animated by a common passion, we become suseeptible of acts and sentiments of which we are incapable when reduced to our own forces." In defining the scope of their own survey, Schwartz-Barsky write, "At specific issue, then, is not the mere presence but the magnitude and comparative importance of the effects which are so well celebrated in Durkheimian theory, namely, the invigorating influence of supportive social congregation." In other words, do teams win more often at home, and why?

To get the answer, Schwartz-Barsky examined the results of 5,000 games in different sports—major league baseball (1,880), professional football (182), college football (910), college basketball (1,486) and professional hockey (542). They found that the home advantage was a decisive factor in all sports, but that it varied greatly by sport. Baseball teams were least inspired by familiar surroundings, winning 53% of their home games. Pro football teams won 58%, college football teams 60%. The figure for hockey was amazing. NHL teams won 64% of their home games. As for college basketball, the sociologists had a complex sample involving teams in the Philadelphia area from 1952 to 1966. These teams won 82% of their home games compared to 58% of their away games.

Putting all this together, Schwartz-Barsky flatly state that their study "confirms the existence of a home advantage in organized sports," that said advantage is more important to indoor than outdoor sports, that the home advantage affects offensive action far more than defensive *and* that this home advantage is "almost totally independent of visitor fatigue and lack of familiarity with the home playing area, it is mainly attributable to the social support of the home audience."

So the next time someone suggests that you stay home and watch the game on TV, decline politely and remind him firmly that the invigorating influence of your very own supportive social congregation could well help engender a beneficent environment in which your hometown favorites might just become susceptible of acts and sentiments of which they would otherwise be incapable.

WHERE THE PROS ARE

One night last week before 1,500 rain-soaked fans in Gresham, Ore. U.S. professional track and field all but gave up the ghost. Mike O'Hara, who founded the International Track Association four years ago, canceled three upcoming meets and said wearily, "Now I've got to find myself a company or an individual who has the deep pockets and the patience and the belief in pro track. We're not really folding up, we're just going to take a long look at things."

Pro track had never generated a great deal of money. As Shotputter Brian Oldfield said in Oregon, "It was kind of inevitable. The fans don't care. The management doesn't care. No one cares." The problem, according to O'Hara, was the ITA's inability to sign the stars of the Montreal Olympics. "You've got to have superstars, and there aren't very many. Dwight Stones is one. John Walker, Filbert Bayi, Lasse Viren. We just haven't been able to add the kind of people we call ticket sellers, the ones with sex appeal."

And why hasn't O'Hara signed up the heroes of Montreal? Because most of them have decided to remain amateur. Why remain amateur? Because, O'Hara claimed, they are making a great deal more money than they could as professionals.

"The numbers are astronomical," said O'Hara. "Some of them are making a lot more now than they ever have before. Right after the Olympics is the perfect time for the European promoters to do their thing, and several superstars are making a bundle over there." Reports from Europe indicate that top amateur performers are going to earn $30,000 to $40,000 in presumably untaxed *sub-rosa* payments this year. O'Hara scoffed at these numbers. "I hear that would be chicken feed for some of them," he said.

OLYMPIC POSTSCRIPT

From an Olympics as troubled—and as troublesome—as Montreal's, there will undoubtedly be repercussions for a long time. Last week some of the first post-Games shocks were felt. Members of the Quebec National Assembly began hearings that uncovered some of the more bizarre financial extravagances that helped produce the Olympics' $1 billion-plus debt.

Among other things, it was learned that $1.5 million was spent on walkie-talkie sets for security forces, that 33 cranes were rented at a price that was $1 million more than it would have cost to buy them, and that three engineers were hired from a Montreal construction firm for nine months for the staggering sum of $500,000.

Beyond that, the provincial government is thinking of selling the Olympic Village at a loss of more than $30 million. It cost $85 million to build, and last week an official of the Olympic installations board said that $50 million would probably be considered a fair price.

Then there was the money paid for the silent orchestra and chorus. Under probing questioning, Michel Guay, director of operations for the Olympic organizing committee, admitted that the Montreal Symphony Orchestra and the choirs present for the closing ceremony neither played nor sang a single note, but instead were "lip-syncing"—pretending to produce music while prerecorded selections were played over the public-address system. Sadly, Guay said, "It was a condition of the contracts the committee had to sign with the musicians' guild. Whether or not they were present, we had to pay the same fee." The fee was $500,000.

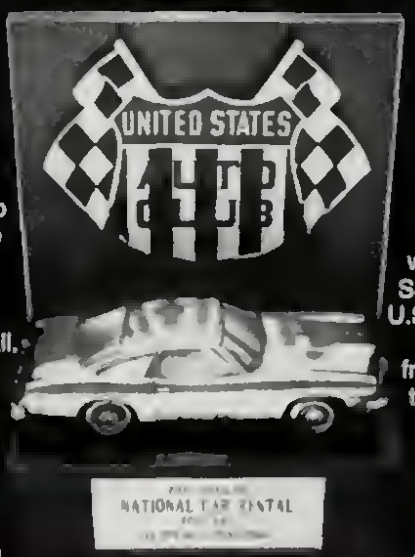
THEY SAID IT

• Bum Phillips, Houston head coach, explaining a dismal Oiler first half: "It was a time mix-up. We started playing at nine o'clock, and the kickoff was at eight."

• Ken Harrelson, former Red Sox outfielder and currently a TV commentator, "Baseball is the only sport I know that when you're on offense, the other team controls the ball." **END**

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SHE'D RATHER



SWITCH—AND FIGHT



Transsexual Dr. Renee Richards didn't win the Tennis Week Open, but she won some friends and influenced some people
by Ray Kennedy

At first, it seemed like a put-on. A transsexual tennis player? A 6'2" former football end in frilly panties and gold hoop earrings pounding serves past defenseless girls? A 42-year-old Yale graduate, Navy veteran, devoted father and respected eye surgeon reaching the semifinals of the $60,000 Tennis Week Open in South Orange, N.J. and demanding to play in the U.S. Open at Forest Hills? In *women's* singles? Who ever heard of such a thing?

In the past month, practically everyone. And certainly last week there was no escaping the extraordinary spectacle of Renee Richards, nee Richard Raskind, and her assertion that "anatomically, functionally, socially, emotionally and legally I am a female." While conceding that her action might be "mind-boggling," Richards proclaims that she is embarked on a crusade for human rights, a quest "to prove that transsexuals as well as other persons who are fighting social stigmas can hold their heads up high."

If tennis seems a rather fragile or inappropriate vehicle for carrying such a weighty message, it nonetheless provides, as Richards is well aware, the kind of exposure that attracts disciples. After one match last week, Dr. Roberto Granato, the urologist who performed the "sex-reassignment operation" on Richards a year ago, rushed onto the court, embraced his former patient and exclaimed, "Oh, Renee, this is going to help so many people!"

Not everyone is so enthralled. When the Richards controversy surfaced, the U.S. Tennis Association countered by requiring that all women entrants in the U.S. Open take a sex chromosome test, a standard that Richards rejects as "inconclusive at best." USTA President Stan Malless says, "It's all a joke to some people, but it really isn't funny. Everything's being publicized from Dr. Richards' point of view, and I'll bet she/he has a book half written already. Publicity-wise you couldn't ask for more."

The revelation that Richards' Hollywood lawyer, Greg Bautzer, is indeed peddling a book by Richards does not enhance her crusader's image. Still, the fact that there is a body of opinion, both legal and medical, that not only supports her stand but also could have an impact on all sports, dissuades any inclination to dismiss Richards as a self-promoting exhibitionist.

continued

After 25 women dropped out of the tournament in protest, Renee's backhand zingers helped her to the semis.

At the Orange Lawn Tennis Club last week, reactions to Richards' crusade seemed to ricochet about like volleys across the sex barrier, veering from astonishment to suspicion, sympathy, resentment and, more often than not, utter confusion.

Caroline Stoll, a tiny 15-year-old who agreed to play in the Tennis Week Open after 25 of the 32 women players dropped out to protest Richards' appearance, got closest to the nitty-gritty. While walking off the court after losing to Richards in three sets, she looked up at her towering opponent and boldly asked, "Are you in it for the money?" "That's absurd, Caroline," said Renee. "I make $100,000 a year as an eye surgeon. Would you change your sex for $1 million?"

Later, after joining Richards at a press conference, the teen-ager voiced the one general sentiment that prevailed throughout the tournament. "Wow!" she exclaimed. "Did you see those forearms? That's where she gets all that power and spin on her serves. It's unfair."

How unfair was obviously very much the issue (how many would have bothered to complain if Richards had been a transsexual midget with a gimpy backhand?), yet it was an issue that many women players seemed reluctant to contemplate. After all, as the foremost champions of equal rights in sports, how would it look if the WTA firebrands suddenly changed their rallying cry from YOU'VE COME A LONG WAY, BABY to YOU'VE GONE TOO FAR, RENEE? The usually outspoken Billie Jean King, for one, wasn't speaking out on this subject; incommunicado all week, her silence said more about the sensitivity of the subject than any words could convey. For one thing, if she did comment adversely on Richards' intrusion, some cynic would surely point out that Bobby Riggs' sex did not prevent King from playing him for the right amount of money.

Those WTA women who did speak were often in sharp disagreement. "By law, Renee is a woman," said Gladys Heldman, the founding mother of the women's pro circuit. "She has all the rights of a woman, except in tennis. Should she have to compete against men? Of course not. Then what's she supposed to do?" Rosie Casals countered, "As far as I'm concerned, Richards is still physically a man and that gives her a tremendous and unfair advantage. This has got to be stopped. Tennis is my profession, and this is a threat to it."

Richards would rather listen to Ilie Nastase. "That crazy maniac Romanian said it all," she declared. What Nastase said was, "If she wears a dress, why not? Now you see how strong the woman players are. She could be their mother, yet they complain. They're afraid."

Partly, it is a fear of the unknown. Since 1972, when Richards was ranked sixth nationally in the men's 35-and-over division, her weight has dropped from 180 to 147 pounds, mostly because of a loss of muscle. Though the female hormone, estrogen, that she takes has further reduced her strength, quickness and endurance, no one can accurately assess how much and to what extent her game has been diminished. Gene Scott, chairman of the Tennis Week Open and the doctor's frequent opponent over the past 15 years, says, "Basically, Dick Raskind never played the power game as a man. But the motion of her serve has changed now, and her mobility is nowhere near what it was."

That was achingly clear in the opening round when Richards shut out a jittery Cathy Beene in the first set, but then, panting and perspiring in the 90° heat, had to ward off near exhaustion to win 6–2. Against Caroline Stoll, Richards was much crisper in her attack, but seemed to occasionally dally before she finished off the youngster 6–2, 0–6, 6–1.

The suspicion that Richards was holding back, playing only as hard as she needed to, was confirmed in many players' minds when she met Kathy Harter in the third round. Once ranked fifth in the U.S., the lanky Californian pressed Richards from the outset, and the doctor responded with her strongest shots, a crackling topspin backhand, a deadly volley and, when she needed it, a flat, hard serve. And Richards needed it, especially

Gene Scott, tournament chairman and Renee's longtime acquaintance, greets Richards and Harter



in the second-set tie breaker; she finally won 6–4, 7–6

Watching the match, Linda Thomas, one of the quarterfinalists, said that she had been reading up on transsexualism to better understand the issues—and her possible opponent. After watching Richards hit one of several backhand zingers down the line, she said, "What woman have you ever seen hit a shot like that? Each day she comes out with something new. She's definitely not showing us all she's got."

But in the semifinals, when Richards had to give all that she had, it was not enough. In a duel in the sun that lasted more than two hours, her invincibility gradually drained away like a melting Popsicle. Deftly working her from side to side and setting her up for drop shots, 17-year-old Lea Antonopolis figured that the quarter of a century in age difference would take its toll. And so it did, as the score reflected: 6–7, 6–3, 6–0. Leaving the court to a stirring ovation, Richards was suddenly just one of the girls. That she was not even one of the better girls was reconfirmed the next day when 18-year-old Marise Kruger, a South African who has never been heralded as the next Chrissie or Billie Jean, blew Antonopolis aside in the finals 6–3, 6–2.

After the Antonopolis match, Richards denied that she had ever had an advantage over the other players in the tournament—although allowing that if she were a 22-year-old transsexual. "Then you'd have a very tough thing to deal with, but my feeling is that that's her advantage and she's entitled to it. All good athletes have some physical superiority. That's what makes champions—advantages."

Richards' childhood advantage was that she grew up playing tennis in Forest Hills, N.Y., "the only place," she ironically notes, "that doesn't recognize my rights." In high school she played end on the football team, swam the backstroke and was the leading hitter and pitcher on the baseball team. "Once," she recalls, "after I pitched a no-hitter and then relieved in another game and struck out the side on nine pitches, the pro scouts were knocking my door down."

Yet as long as she can remember, Richards says, "I wanted to be a girl. I dressed up in my mother's dresses and when I went to bed I'd pray to be a girl." At Yale, where she played on the tennis team, Richards says she became expert at "overcompensating to conform to society's image of the macho male."

A graduate of the University of Rochester Medical School in 1959, Richards set up practice in Manhattan. She continued playing tennis, winning the New York State clay-court title in 1964. Two years later she went to Casablanca because "that was the only place they were doing sex-change surgery then." But dissatisfied with the medical standards there, she left and lived in Europe as a woman for one year—a preparation that is required by most sex clinics.

After returning to New York, Richards married a model in 1970 and fathered a son. "The marriage was a kind of backlash thing," she says. "My wife and I were narcissistic mirror images of one another." Shortly after their divorce last year, Richards underwent the sex-reassignment operation in New York and, after a month of convalescence, returned to her practice. By day, wearing a wig and a suit, she was Richard Raskind, by night Renee Richards. "It was not easy," she says. "Not easy."

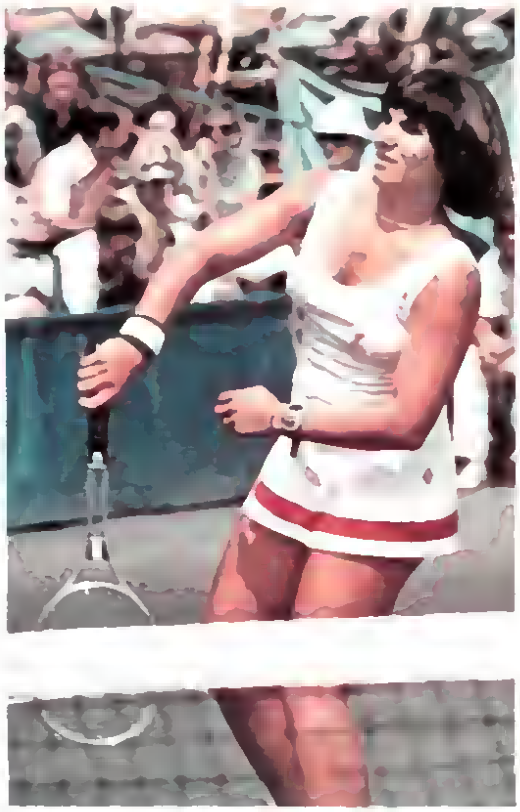
Discarding her past, Richards moved to Newport Beach, Calif. in February, joined the John Wayne Tennis Club and settled into a new life. Things went smoothly until some tennis friends encouraged her to enter a tournament in La Jolla. After she won easily, a local newscaster checked out reports that a "mannish" woman had invaded the tournament, and a call to the University of Rochester blew her cover. Richards recalls, "I said to myself, 'O.K., now damn it, they're putting my private life out in the street. I'm going to pursue every right I possess to prove I'm a woman and a tennis player.'"

And so she did. Inspired by the letters she began receiving from transsexuals, she mounted a crusade for "all ostracized persons." While the WTA did not ban Richards from the Tennis Week Open, it withdrew its sanction and encouraged its players to stage a walkout lest their participation be interpreted as approval in the event of a lawsuit. Tournament Director Scott, who as a lawyer had gotten "gynecological certification" that Richards is a woman, scoffs, "The women players are always talking about sex discrimination but when it comes to a real issue they run and hide. If we followed them we'd still be reading by candlelight."

Though Richards says that she will take legal action only as a last resort, passage of the Equal Rights Amendment may do the job for her. In fact, new developments in sex research also threaten the validity of the chromosome test used by the USTA as well as in the Olympics. "We're finding that sex determination is a lot more complicated than we thought," says John Anderson, the U.S. Olympic doctor.

What these developments bode for the future of sports is anybody's guess. Short of holding a Transsexual Open, Dr. John Money of the Gender Identity Clinic at Johns Hopkins Medical Center goes so far as to suggest, "We may be fast approaching a time when women's tennis as well as other sports will have to be divided into weight classes, just as in boxing and wrestling."

For the moment, though, Renee Richards is in a class by herself. Before returning to Newport Beach last week, she avowed, "I'm going to keep playing in as many major tournaments as I can, including the Australian Open in December. But regardless of how I do, I know that I've already made my point. I've won that game and now I can go home a happy woman." **END**



Lea won—and the doc was just one of the girls

THE LITTLE THINGS MEAN A LOT

And the Reds are masters of minutiae, as they showed by winning three of four in a playoff preview with the Phillies

by Ron Fimrite



Concepcion (13) was cheered by teammates Saturday after his two run base hit capped a decisive

Were he not a man of philosophical bent, Tug McGraw, the Phillies' relief pitcher, might have had cause for alarm last Thursday evening when he confronted Cincinnati slugger Tony Perez with the bases loaded in the 12th inning of a 4–4 game. As it was, McGraw simply invoked the Frozen Snowball Theory before tossing up a pitch that Perez lofted mildly to center field to end the perilous inning and open the way for Philadelphia's 5–4 victory in the 13th.

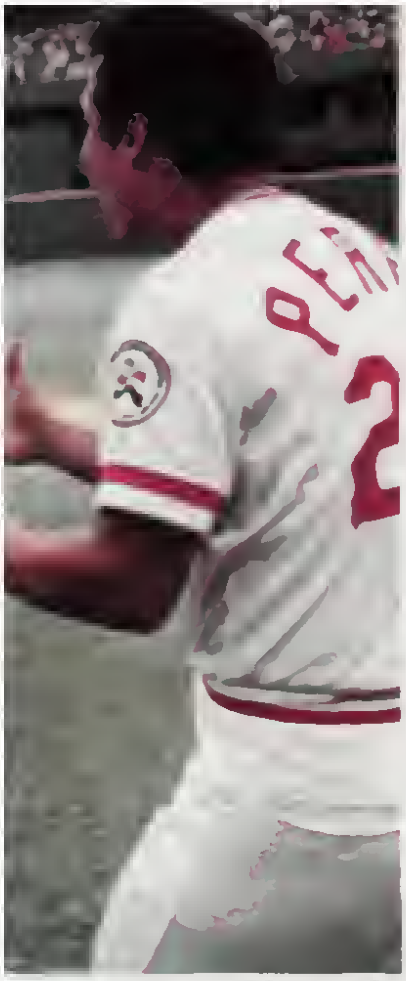
The Frozen Snowball Theory? Dr. McGraw explicates, "Science has proved that in 50 billion years the sun will burn itself out and the earth will become nothing more than a frozen snowball floating through space. When that day comes, who, I ask you, will give a damn what happened to me and Perez?"

If one accepts at face value the protestations of the Phillies and the Reds during their otherwise tumultuous four-game series in Cincinnati last weekend, the world has already become a frozen snowball. The future playoff antagonists seemed to attach no more importance to their encounter than they would to a round of pepper. "Oh, this series might mean something to them," said the usually ebullient Reds manager, Sparky Anderson, impersonating Clifton Webb. "It might give them confidence in the playoffs." Not so, retorted the normally harried Phillies manager, Danny Ozark, playing Noel Coward. "What happens here has no bearing on the playoffs."

Ho hum. So how did these bored sophisticates play against one another? Well, with no more fervor than if they were locked in mortal combat in the playoffs, which, barring the apocalypse or the Dodgers, they soon will be. For last week's series, played before howling mobs totaling 190,382 at Riverfront Stadium, was hardly the meaningless charade that its contestants would have us believe it was. In fact, it served as a showcase for the multiple strengths and miniscule weaknesses of the two teams that may be the best in the game today. And in one important—but heretofore unapparent—way, it demonstrated a slight advantage the Reds have that could be decisive in October's best-of-five championship series. With two teams this evenly matched, the Reds' Joe Morgan says, "It will take the little things to win, and we can do the little things." Consider some of the minute moves that were made during the weekend:

• In the first inning Friday the Reds scored in textbook fashion with leadoff hitter Rose doubling and advancing to third when Ken Griffey "gave himself up" by bouncing out to the right side of the infield. Rose then came home on Morgan's sacrifice fly. This may not sound like much of an accomplishment, yet seldom do little things fall so neatly into place. Hitters speak piously of giving themselves up to advance the runner, but how many of them do it selflessly, particularly if they are batters like Griffey, a .332 hitter in search of a batting championship? And there was Morgan, a contender for both the batting and home-run titles. He said he was attempting only to make contact with the ball. To do this, he concentrated on hitting it up the middle, instead of trying to pull it into home-run territory and risking a strikeout or a pop-up. The run scored on perfect execution.

• Also on Friday, Morgan was on second and Johnny Bench on first with two out and Perez at bat in the fifth inning. Morgan broke for third and Bench for second. Double steal. Phillie Catcher Bob Boone threw to second, but Bench slid



rally helped along by a Phillie miscalculation.

in ahead of the tag. Morgan, meanwhile, did not pause when he arrived at third; he slid home under the belated return throw to Boone. A run was scored without the ball being hit. A big little thing.

• In the seventh inning Friday, Rose hit what appeared to be a routine single to center. But observing that Centerfielder Garry Maddox had to run toward right field to retrieve the ball, Rose kept going. His spectacular belly slide put him safely on second. A single became a double. Rose later scored on Morgan's bloop single to left for the final run in a 4–1 Cincinnati win. A little thing requiring a lot of daring and cunning.

• On Saturday the Phillies rallied dramatically from a 6–2 disadvantage. The Reds trailed 7–6 going into their half of the ninth. It was a situation that would have demoralized many teams: a substantial lead had been dissipated and only three outs remained. Undismayed, Bench and Perez hit successive singles. On Perez' hit, Rightfielder Jay Johnstone foolishly threw to third in an attempt to cut down Ed Armbrister, who was pinch-running for Bench. Armbrister easily beat the throw, and Perez took advantage of Johnstone's miscalculation to lumber into second. Instead of the Reds having the tying run at second, the combination of Armbrister's aggressive running and Johnstone's throw put the winning run there. Concepcion promptly drove both runners home with a single. The Phillies made a little mistake; the Reds turned it into a big one.

• In the ninth inning Sunday the Reds trailed 4–3 and Rose was on second when George Foster swung and missed at a 3–2 delivery. But, shades of Mickey Owen, Boone also missed it, and Rose, who had been running on the pitch, took two bases on the passed ball and scored. In the 13th the Phillies went ahead 5–4, but again Cincy tied the score on some alert base running. With men on first and second and one out, Rose grounded to Larry Bowa. While the Phils narrowly failed to double up Rose at first, Concepcion wheeled home from second. The Reds won in the 15th when Griffey got an infield hit with men on second and third and two out. Even by Cincinnati's standards, that was a lot of little things for one day.

The Phillies did win the first game of the series on Maddox' 13th-inning double, and they finished ahead of the Reds in regular-season competition, seven games to five. Because they lead the Eastern Division by 12 games, they may also be forgiven an occasional lapse in a series they tended to pooh-pooh. But were they really so unconcerned?

Bowa, the effervescent shortstop, may have dropped his guard when he said, "The Reds are the best team in baseball, the world champions. Naturally, we play extra hard against them. But I can't say we've dominated them." In fact, five of the Phillie wins have been by one run and one by two runs. The Reds had their own reasons for wanting to give the Phillies what-for. They needed to provide their playoff foes with a taste of what the champions can do.

Of all the little advantages the Reds have, 5' 7" Morgan is the biggest. He is enjoying an even more productive season than he had in 1975, when he was named the National League's Most Valuable Player. By week's end Morgan was hitting .336 and had scored 101 runs, batted in 96, hit 26 homers and stolen 48 bases. In the view of Anderson, he is "the best offensive player in baseball." And he is no knockabout second baseman. In a losing cause on Thursday, he hit two doubles and scored a run. On Friday he scored two of the Reds' four runs and batted in the others. And he made two outstanding plays in the field, taking a hit away from Boone on a ball that rebounded off Pitcher Pedro Borbon's glove and another from Maddox on a shot up the middle. On Saturday he hit a two-run homer and a single.

Morgan was only one of a swarm of potential batting champions at Riverfront last weekend. Of the league's top hitters, four are Reds—Morgan, Griffey, Foster (.312) and Rose (.323)—and three are Phils—Johnstone (.345), Maddox (.326) and Greg Luzinski (.306). In keeping with the affected nonchalance of the occasion, scarcely any professed interest in winning the title.

Johnstone, nominally the league leader, may not even get a chance to. A left-handed hitter, he starts only against right-handed pitching. Ollie Brown plays right field against lefties. As a result, Johnstone figures to fall slightly shy of the necessary 502 plate appearances required of a batting champion. An otherwise irrepressible man, Johnstone is uncharacteristically modest when it comes to his hitting. "Why should I worry about the batting title," he says. "In order to get enough at bats, Brown would have to sit down. We've gotten this far doing it the way we have. It would be unfair to Ollie and to the team for me to play just so I can win an individual honor."

Ozark is also forced to do considerable maneuvering at first base, involving Bobby Tolan, Tommy Hutton, Johnstone and Tim McCarver, because of the prolonged absence of Dick Allen. Allen has not played since July 25, when he more or less absented himself from the premises. He was suspended briefly, then placed on the disabled list because of tendon damage to his right shoulder. Ozark predicts Allen will be fit for the playoffs.

With or without Allen, the Phillies seem destined for the playoffs, an event familiar to few of them. "I'm sure there's a certain atmosphere there," says Bowa, "but then I wouldn't know about it."

Anderson is counting on the Phils' unfamiliarity with postseason play to provide his team with another advantage. After all, as he said, placing himself in the pantheon of baseball grammarians, "The playoffs is a nightmare." END

LEGALIZED WAGERING? YOU BETCHA!

Pro football fans in Delaware will be able to bet on the outcome of NFL contests now that the league has lost the first quarter of its courtroom game to keep the tiny state from implementing its legal pari-mutuel lottery card scheme **by Douglas S. Looney**

Delaware was the first state to ratify the Constitution. It has been trying to be first in something else ever since. (Actually, for a time it was—although it did not advertise the fact. Until 1975 it had the highest state personal-income-tax rate in the nation.) So last week Delaware, 49th among the 50 states in square mileage and 47th in population, became the first to institute a government-run lottery scheme that will enable its citizenry, as well as out-of-staters, to bet on National Football League games through the purchase of computerized football cards. Delaware considers itself ingenious for devising this scheme, by means of which it figures to net $2 million this fall, and it expects other states to follow its lead.

The NFL, however, considers this Delaware first outrageous, a giant wart of ugliness on its otherwise beautiful game and, well, an all-round crummy idea. So a battery of NFL lawyers raced into U.S. District Court in Wilmington the other day, raising all kinds of objections. What the NFL wanted was a temporary restraining order against the Delaware lottery. The judge, Walter Stapleton, read the briefs and affidavits, listened to several hours of argument and said that at first blush it didn't look to him as though the Delaware plan would irreparably harm the NFL. At least not until a fuller hearing could be held. So he gave the state the green light.

The NFL intends to keep challenging Delaware in the courts, primarily on the grounds that pro football is its property, that it doesn't want Delaware or anyone else as a partner in gambling and that it is improper for the state to use the game for its own profit. This thinking follows the legal principle that you cannot reap what you have not sown. But Peter Simmons, Delaware's lottery director, says, "We don't want the game, just the scores." After Judge Stapleton's ruling, NFL attorney John Paul Reiner said pro football was "very disappointed." He added, "This was only the first quarter."

Maybe so. In the meantime, while the legal dispute continues as to whether Delaware can indeed proceed with the lottery, the state will be doing just that. Barring unexpected legal developments, two types of betting cards for the NFL's 14 season-opening games next weekend will go on sale this week. Under the Dela-

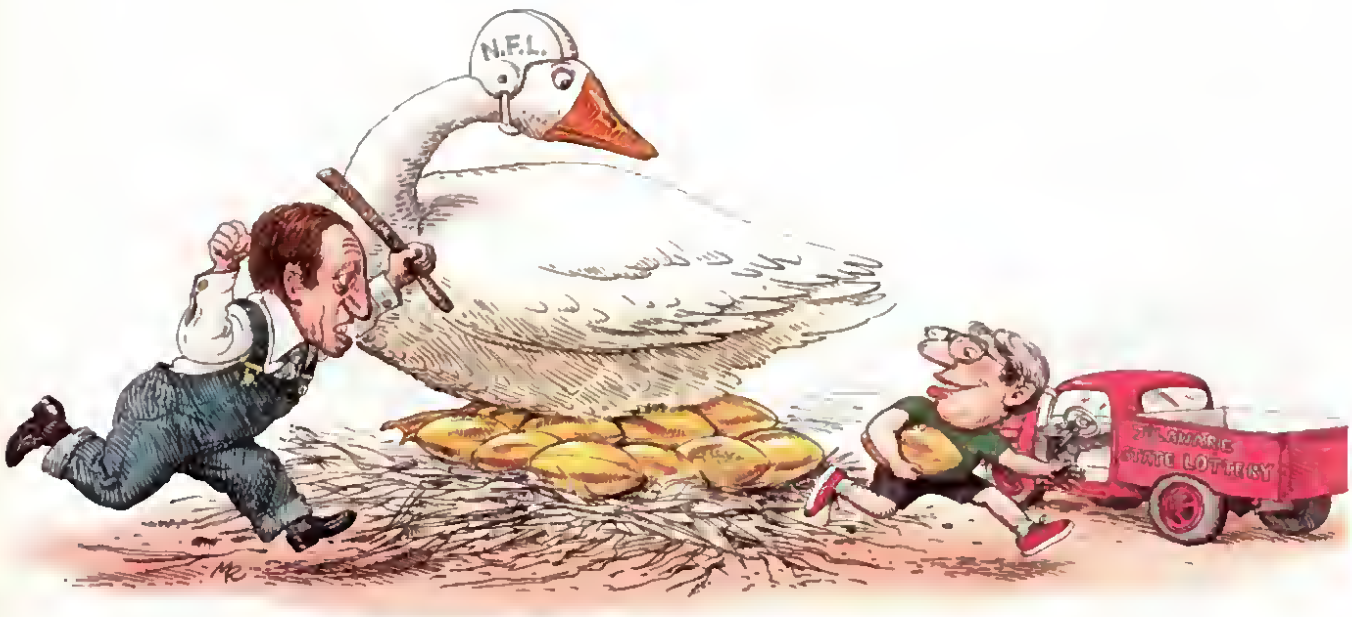


ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL RAMUS

ware system, a bettor can risk from $1 to $20 on one card and from $1 to $10 on the other. On the first, called Football Bonus, the investor must pick either seven or 14 winners; on the other, called Touchdown, he must pick the winners of any three, four or five games, along with the approximate point spreads—0 to 7 points, 8 to 14 points, 15 points and over. Because the wagering will be conducted under a pari-mutuel system, bettors will not know their potential payoff. In fact, winnings will not be paid until Wednesday. (Bookies use football cards with stated odds and guaranteed payment ratios. And bookies pay up instantly.) To discourage big-time gamblers, the Delaware pari-mutuel pool will offer the bettors a return of only about 45% of the total amount wagered. Horse tracks return some 80%.

Thirteen states conduct regular lotteries, and a number of them are rubbing their hands in anticipation of a Delaware-style sports gambling deal. New York and Connecticut, which already have off-track betting, are especially interested, and Maryland, Pennsylvania, New Jersey and Massachusetts are curious. Nevada and Montana permit legal parlor-type gambling on NFL games, but the NFL views Nevada as a shame, and Montana of little import because nobody lives there. Delaware, though, concerns the NFL's image makers and lawyers because of its location in the backyard of three pro teams—Philadelphia, Washington and Baltimore.

What bothers the NFL is that Delaware is going into the gambling business directly, whereas the Nevada and Montana operations are private businesses subject to state and local controls. The NFL notes that there are arguments for and against the legalization of marijuana, but that "none would argue that the states should themselves go into such businesses in an entrepreneurial way."

Another NFL argument against the lottery is that gamblers will attempt to fix games. However, Washington Quarterback Randy Johnson says, "I don't think you can fix a football game. One guy just doesn't mean that much. Cripes, the other night I completed two of 13 passes and we still almost won. That's like trying to throw a game but you can't." Nonetheless, Norm Veasey, another NFL lawyer, frets, "This will change the focus from the scoreboard to the tote board."

A survey of players and coaches produced a strong negative reaction to legalized betting. Dallas Tackle Ralph Neely objects because "I feel it's demeaning to me. I'm the same as the horse." Miami Placekicker Garo Yepremian says there are so many other things to bet on that "you don't have to bet on football games." Don Klosterman, general manager of the Los Angeles Rams, maintains that legal betting would make things so volatile that moats would have to be dug around the fields and bodyguards assigned to the coaches.

Despite such fears, the NFL has difficulty trying to explain that while bookie and office-type gambling—both illegal—haven't hurt pro football, legalized gambling will. Rozelle says that occasional betting in an office pool "is far removed from the kind of habitual systematic gambling involving additional millions of people that government sponsorship would undoubtedly generate." Delaware's Simmons says, "We've tried to make this as much like an office pool as possible."

Another NFL contention is that legal sports betting will create a new class of gamblers. Whatever, Rozelle is certain of one thing. "The world knows no less rational person than a losing bettor," he says.

Along with convincing some court that football is its private property, the NFL's next-best bet may be its insistence that the trademarks of the teams—for example, even the name Philadelphia Eagles, as two words or as either one—cannot be infringed upon for commercial reasons. Arguing for Delaware in court, James M. Mulligan Jr. said that it sounded to him as if the NFL was "in search of an enforceable right." Delaware Attorney General Richard R. Wier Jr. says, "Get a law book and point to the one we're violating."

A thornier question seems to be whether picking football winners involves chance or skill. Winning a lottery is almost entirely a matter of chance. As Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote, "What a man does not know and cannot find out is chance as to him, and is recognized as chance by the law." But picking three, four or five football winners—not to mention 14 winners—would seem to require a measure of skill, and one of the NFL legal briefs says that "common sense dictates that the term lottery simply does not mean football gambling."

All this legalese doesn't bother Tony Angelo very much. Angelo is the proprietor of Angelo's Market in Wilmington and sells everything from cultivated snails to bikes; he also is one of 150 agents authorized to sell the football cards and cannot imagine why any right-thinking person would be opposed. "It's perfect," he says. "It's gonna create a lot of interest in football. It's gonna benefit our state. It's gonna benefit my store. And I can't see how it will hurt the NFL."

Understand that Tony already has sold four big winning lottery tickets in less than a year—one for $15,000 and three for $10,000. One of the $10,000 variety he sold to himself; another he sold to his brother. Such fortune does breed a certain enthusiasm for games of chance. Tony, like every other agent, gets 5% of ticket sales (he sells around $4,500 worth a week) and the equivalent of 2% of all winnings over $100. "I do good because people like to buy from a winner," says Tony. On the other hand, a Wilmington barber, through whose hands a few illegal football cards have been known to pass, thinks the legal lottery is "terrible." Like others, he thinks the scheme may fail because the state can't compete with bookies in the areas of credit and tax-free winnings. He also remembers that the first Delaware lottery failed in 1975 and had no big winners for a five-week period; it was revived under a new format six months later.

Martin Rudnitsky, who runs The Smoke Shop in Wilmington, sells lots of lottery tickets and is naturally excited over football cards. "At last," he chortles. "Now Delaware's gonna be first in something." Whether its first lasts is another question. END

MINNESOTA HAD TO EAT CROATMEAL

The league brass was hoping for a win by the Kicks, who had the right image But ethnic Toronto, which did not, beat them 3–0 to take home the NASL title

by J. D. Reed

Midway in the second half of last Saturday's North American Soccer League championship game in Seattle, the Minnesota Kicks' 19-year-old forward, Alan Willey, failed to trap an easy pass from a teammate and fell to his knees in exhausted dejection. For a few seconds he gazed up at the ceiling of the Kingdome, thinking, undoubtedly, that it had been one of those days when nothing goes right, and wondering, perhaps, where exactly Zagreb, Yugoslavia was, and how come a team called the Toronto Metros-Croatia was leading his club—the "showcase of the NASL"—2–0.

Up in the seats reserved for team owners and league officials, NASL Commissioner Phil Woosnam was agonizing, too. He was wondering how to reconcile himself to a championship game that seemed to be displaying, on national TV, the past meeting—and beating—the future. The youthful, vital Minnesota Kicks were just what Woosnam had wanted as opponents for New York or Tampa Bay in "Soccer Bowl-'76"—a team financially stable in its first year of operation, drawing an average of 23,120 fans per game at Met Stadium in Bloomington, where inexpensive tickets, tail-gate parties with a Big Ten flair and free parking were the talk of the league. The Kicks had won their division and disposed of both Seattle (3–0) and San Jose (3–1) before a NASL record 49,572 on the way to the championship. They were the wave of the future, a selling point in Woosnam's sincere pitch that the U.S. will become the world center of soccer.

But out there flinging East European mud on his shining dream were the Metros-Croatia, a low-drawing team from a low-drawing division—and Canadian rather than U.S. to boot. Here was a team that should have been defeated by Chicago in the quarterfinals—only Toronto won 3–2—and which then *certainly* should have been blitzed by Tampa Bay, the defending league champs, in the semifinal round—which Toronto won 2–0. Here was Toronto Metros-Croatia, showing up at the euphoric climax of the NASL's most successful season like the ghost of Christmas Past.

"The league is embarrassed that we're here," said one Toronto official, smiling. "But now they're just going to have to stand up and take it like a man." For the new American middle-class image Woosnam and other league owners wanted to project, everything was wrong with Toronto, especially their nickname. "The ethnic aspect of American soccer is over," Woosnam had said earlier, meaning, apparently, that the acceptable image is now English league soccer accented, of course, by luminaries of other persuasions, such as Pelé.

Toronto's Croatian connection began before the start of last season, when the Toronto Metros were bailed out of deep financial trouble by a merger offer from Toronto Croatia, an enormously successful team in Canada's semipro National Soccer League. "Just before the season started," said Woosnam, "they demanded to add 'Croatia' to the name. There was nothing we could do at that point." Nothing indeed, since Toronto Croatia was half-owner, and the city's enthusiastic Croatian minority would hardly have been satisfied with less. While televising last week's final, CBS bowed to league pressure and referred to the teams only as Minnesota and Toronto. Several hundred fans, carrying flags recalling the emblem of pre-World War I Croatia, showed up in Seattle, mildly protesting the decision.

The mildness was just as well. Croatians are said to be fierce fighters, capable of making the celebrated bravado of the Philadelphia Flyers look like kid stuff. They do not take slights easily. A few seasons back, when Croatia was still playing semipro in Toronto, a local newsman wrote up a game in which Croatia lost to its long-standing rivals, the Toronto Serbians White Eagles. "I reported the game perfectly straight," the writer recalled last weekend, "but I had to report that Croatia lost. Two nights later I arrived home to find on my front step a big, furry bat, nailed to a board with a spike driven through its heart. It was a criticism from the Croatians."

And this season, when Coach Ivan Markovic benched Croatian Defender Miralem Fazlic, a friend of Fazlic's attacked the coach, by one account with a two-by-four. Markovic resigned, and Fazlic was traded to Rochester.

With Marijan Bilic installed as player-coach, Toronto won its last four games to finish second to Chicago in the league's Northern Division with a 15–9 record—the same as Minnesota's—then swept the first three playoff games. Nevertheless, Toronto seemed old-fashioned in style. Led by Eusebio, a 34-year-old former World Cup player for Portugal, and a roster that reads like a page torn from the Zagreb phone book, Metros-Croatia refused to do anything in flamboyant NASL style. Said Assistant Coach Marijan Kenfelja, "The league would rather have Tampa Bay or the Cosmos here. But they will see. We are a skillful team."

And as the Toronto owners watched—looking a bit like a Russian trade delegation in their baggy suits and shadowy chins among the ultrasmooth NASL board of governors—their team played a final game that was both deftly defensive (their well-known strength) and explosive in front of the Minnesota goal. This out-to-lunch bunch of resistance fighters managed to dominate Soccer Bowl-'76 throughout.

Eusebio scored first on a free kick with 4:32 remaining in the first half. His boot sailed over the outstretched fingers of Kicks Goalie Geoff Barnett, glanced off the crossbar and into the net. Ivan Lukacevic put in the second goal early in the second half, blasting home an Ivair Ferreira pass from seven yards out.

Meanwhile, a newly imported Croatian by the name of Ivan Grnja (pronounced Grunya) gave the young Minnesota midfielders lessons in continental ball handling; his long, blond hair flapping on his square shoulders, he constantly avoided their tackles, moving the



Grnja, who came to Toronto from Yugoslavia late in the season, dominated play, controlling the ball and outmaneuvering defenders like Frank Spraggon

ball in the Toronto style, slowly, inch by inch toward the Minnesota goal in deliberate stages.

Grnja made a powerful shot on goal with seven minutes left in the game, and the rebound was booted in by Ferreira for the third and final goal. The Seattle crowd of 25,765, heavily favoring the Kicks, sat in silent awe at the Metros-Croatia performance. It was an exercise in a style of play rarely seen in the NASL's efficient futurism, a lovely performance in history, a continental show that could be called "Croatian Graffiti," a blast from the past.

In the Toronto locker room after the game, the Minnesota captain, Midfielder Alan Merrick, proved himself a gracious loser of the First Division level. He lugged a case of champagne—one the team had brought out to the Coast for themselves—into the winners' room and presented the first bottle to Eusebio with a handshake and a "well done," which may have said more about the rude good health of the NASL than modern marketing theories.

Said Metros-Croatia Goalie Zeljko Bilecki, who had not allowed a goal in the final two playoff games, "I was a hundred percent sure we'd win. I don't know how we forgot champagne."

As Eusebio sipped from a paper cup, his robust Croatian teammates bathed in the bubbly and, led by Grnja, sang lusty provincial mazurkas, laughing and shouting.

One league official sighed as he gazed at the NASL championship trophy in the Toronto room. "It's a shame," he said. "They'll go back to Toronto next season and still only get 6,000 people out, even though they're now the league champs. They're too ethnic."

Indeed, the future of Toronto Metros-Croatia is not unclouded. The team is once again in financial trouble. Carling-O'Keefe, the giant Canadian brewery consortium, has reportedly offered $900,000 for the franchise. That would force the proud Croatians back into the semi-pro league and clear the decks for Woosnam's dream of the 21st Century. In a league that in 10 seasons has never had a team repeat as champions, and which now in a respectable number of cities trembles on the verge of becoming a major spectator sport in North America, the dream could come true. But for this year it was satisfying to see these aging tough guys have their moment.

And if you're in favor of endangered species, it's intriguing to dream about the possibility of the 19 other owners in the league arriving home some evening to find dead bats on their doorsteps. **END**

COLLEGE FOOTBALL



TELL YOU WHAT YOU DO

A mythical—or perhaps not so mythical—coach leans back, waves his $1.50 cigar and tells college football just how to solve its problems and face up to the future

by JOHN UNDERWOOD











The Coach had been in Honduras digging for Mayan artifacts (his collection is said to be vast), and from there had vacationed briefly in Managua. He was only now responding to messages. "Yours, Scribe, was third from the top," he said, "but I came here anyway, knowing your addiction for knowledge would require detailed answers. And the need to repeat a lot." He put his feet on the edge of my desk, crossed his highly polished loafers and, leaning back in the chair, removed the cellophane from his Jamaican cigar ($1.50 retail).

"Parity," he said. "It is time to think of parity as something worth striving for. Something necessary. The various conferences are out of balance, top-heavy in perpetuity. Vanderbilt must be given at least a fighting chance to rise up and smite the Alabamas; Rice a reasonable shot at mighty Texas; Washington State a crack at the Rose Bowl every 15 or 20 years. . . ."

"Whoa, Coach," I said. "I haven't asked the question yet."

"You want to know what college football needs in this roseate year of '76. It is your annual question," the Coach said, drilling the end of his cigar with the sterling punch he keeps on his key ring. "The first thing it needs is to be left alone, it being, as they say, better than ever—drawing more fans, making more money. But the potentates are always doing their damndest to screw it up, so you can forget that. I used to tell my young president at M—— 'You must not think of football as a profit-and-loss item. You must think of it as a profit-and-*expense* item. Once you start worrying about losses you miss the point, as well as nullifying your chances to recoup later on.' My president was one of those who voted this past year to reduce coaching staffs to nine, thereby throwing able bodies into the streets and opening the door to class-action suits. The saviors of football have always been able to find and string up innocent parties. *Non compos mentis.*"

"What does that have to do with parity, Coach?" I asked, leaning over to light his cigar. With his first puff he blew a perfect ring and, his steel-blue eyes squinting thoughtfully, watched it dissolve. I waited impatiently for him to go on.

continued

ILLUSTRATIONS BY EDWARD KASPER



"The bane of college football today is recruiting. Oh, how I hate it—the long drives in the night and the lonely hotel rooms." He paused. "Well, mostly lonely. The phony backslapping. The pandering to drunken alumni. The lying—"

"Lying?"

"I mean white lies to kids and parents. Telling Junior he's a cinch All-Conference. Telling Mama what a fine meal that was, when you almost choked on the okra. Recruiting is the root of almost every problem coaches have, including the ones that get their teams thrown in the slammer by the NCAA. They demean themselves. Actually, some of them makes asses of themselves. Besides that, it's expensive."

"I don't think I'm following you, Coach."

"You will, son, you will." The Coach got up and began to pace. I noted how trim he still looked. Occasional TV color jobs and commercial shilling obviously agreed with him.

"Recruiting in its present form suckles the caste system, helps keep the downtrodden down," he said. "The operational word is *expensive*. Every coach wants the best material, so he can win and go to bowls and get a five-year extension on his contract. It would be un-American to want otherwise. But it is absolute lunacy for 40 or 50 coaches to spend thousands of dollars jetting back and forth across the country to recruit one solitary athlete. The poor get overrun in the bidding. Oklahoma actually bragged about spending $10,000 to recruit Elvis Peacock."

"The halfback?"

"Yeah—from Miami, a mere 1,800 miles from Norman. Well, forget what that had to do to old Elvis' head, having the illustrious coach of Oklahoma make two trips to see him, and his assistants eight trips. One brought his wife just to take Elvis to supper. Forget the irony of it: that you can't pay Peacock $10,000 to play for you but you can spend $10,000 to *get* him to play for you. This demonstrates the lengths a big-budget team can go to, quite within the rules, to get a boy. I don't mean to single out Oklahoma. Last year when Michigan played Ohio State, 16 of Michigan's 22 starters were from out of state. Its star tailback and fullback and six other starters were from *Ohio*. Fancy that. Ohio State's wingback was from Pittsburgh, its quarterback from Washington, D.C., its fullback from Long Beach, N.Y."

"Yes, and Joe Namath was born in the shadow of Pitt Stadium. So what? That kind of thing happens all the time."

"Scribe, if you will just hold on to the rail the fog will lift. What I'm saying is that a coach from Dallas, Texas shouldn't have to camp on the doorstep of a kid in West Covina, Calif. this or any year. I'm saying—my palms get moist when I admit it, being a onetime transgressor myself—I'm saying the trouble starts, and the balance tips, when they do this."

He poked the air with his cigar.

"Now I yield to no man in my abhorrence for the professional game. All that litigation—ugh! But one thing the professionals do is make a conscientious effort to level the competition, with the so-called equalization draft. The Steelers were laughingstocks of the NFL a few short years ago."

"Are you saying colleges should *draft* players?" I cried, incredulous.

"Of course not." He sank back into the chair and crossed his legs. "I knew this would take time. No, not a draft at all, but Designated Territories, Spheres of Influence drawn up by areas to include *x* number of high schools engaged in tackle football. Take as an arbitrary base 150 schools and 10,000 athletes. If a coach doesn't have that many high school players in his home state, make a circle out from his school until you encompass those numbers. You can't *physically* recruit outside the circle."



"Some of the circles will overlap," I said.

"When they do, you extend them concentrically—look it up—until each school has the required number." The Coach drew contentedly on his cigar.

"Who draws the circles?"

"The NCAA, of course. It'll take some study, but it'll be worth it because it'll make it easier to catch the cheaters. The NCAA loves to bust the cheaters." He chuckled. "But I digress. Besides cutting recruiting costs by a staggering amount, what would this do?"

He was up, absently examining the shelves of my library and extracting a small book of Milton's poems, which he began leafing through as he talked. "For one, it would give the coach at Duke a word in edgewise with the kid in Asheville who can throw a football 50 yards through a doughnut, but who ordinarily would be entertaining Darrell Royal and Joe Paterno this weekend. With less pressure, that blue-chipper might wind up playing before the home folks and making Mama proud.

"The pressure on a kid today is unbelievable. Every coach I know, when he's had a couple, admits how hypocritical the system is. An ex-SMU star told a Texas paper about the money that flies around—if you can call under the table a flight. His advice to youth was, 'Take it and run.' A Pac-8 coach told me that when he was a high-schooler in Los Angeles he got so sick of seeing recruiters hanging around he would call home first to make sure the coast was clear. Elvis Peacock's folks had to change their phone number three or four times.

"Now *that* reflects on all of us. And it continues *ad nauseam*, because the NCAA doesn't make it tough enough on the crooks. If it was me, I'd ban the player and the coach for life! Put the fear of God in all of 'em! Throw the rascals out!"

He slammed Milton down on my desk top, causing the pencil jar to jump. He stood mute for a second.

"Sounds drastic," I said.

"Nothing is too good for the profession," sighed the Coach, and sat down again.

"But what if the boy in Asheville *wants* to go to Notre Dame, Coach? Or West Point? What if—"

"What time did you get to bed last night, Scribe? I said *physically*. I didn't say a coach couldn't write a letter, or make a phone call, or vice versa. Or get some film shipped in. If a kid in San Diego wants to go to Notre Dame, let Dan Devine write him a letter. Dan likes to write letters. A 13-cent stamp beats a thousand-dollar air fare. And it wouldn't hurt to have the final offer in writing and notarized, too."

"What about the service academies?"

"Waive the rule. They've got enough problems, as it is."

I offered a match to rekindle his cigar, and he went on more calmly.

"Now for the nuts and bolts. Parity isn't just a police action. A school that wants to be up there has to ask itself if it wants to pay the price. What are its vested interests? How important is it to compete with the best, to vie for bowl games, a TV spot? Even the national championship? Does it want those things, or does it want to be in the Ivy League? And does it have a stadium that seats 35,000, 40,000?"

"What does the stadium have to do with it?"

"Everything. A school with a 15,000-seat stadium will never be compatible with a school that has a 70,000-seat stadium. It can't hack the compensation ratio. It can only make real money on the road, playing big-draw schools, because most big-draw schools won't waste their time playing in a small stadium. Figure it up: if take-home pay were $7 a ticket, teams participating in a 70,000-seat sellout would share $490,000. In a 15,000-seat stadium, they would share $105,000.



"Of course, stadia size won't matter, either, if the rich continue to make power plays on the poor and forget they're all in this together. Alabama put it on one school last year because the school was in a slump and wasn't drawing at home, though it had a big stadium. Alabama said either come to our place or we cancel. Not very nice, and very short-sighted. The teams that are down need some big home games to pull themselves back up. Michigan, Nebraska and Ohio State tried to pressure Indiana this year, tried to make Indiana switch those three games out of Bloomington. Indiana said no. Good for them. It may be absurd for a school with a small stadium to crave a home game with a team as powerful as Michigan, but it wouldn't wreck Michigan's budget—those people are crawling in dough—to play before 35,000 fans at another institution once in a while. The superpowers *have* to exercise some sufferance. *Noblesse oblige*, damn it!"

He was up again, waving Milton around.

"Television has done this—it's made moneygrubbers of the big teams," he said. "Like a friend of mine in Kansas City says, the pot gets bigger and bigger and the wheel keeps going faster and faster, like a centrifuge, throwing off those who can't hang on. Television rights have tripled in the last 10 years—to a record $18 million. ABC has good reason to be generous, of course. The Nielsen ratings were up 12%. So this year, teams in a nationally televised game will share half a million bucks, and in regional games, $380,000. That kind of money can float an entire athletic program.

"But what happens? The teams that become TV stars want it all for themselves. Like dogs in the manger. The more they get the better they get. The better they get the more ABC wants them. The more TV dates they get the more money they get the better they get. Round and round. Since the 1960s, the rich have become outrageously rich, and the poor fight for scraps. It's what my friend calls the Vidiot Factor. It will wreck half the teams in Division I if somebody doesn't stop it."

"How do you?" I asked, enthralled.

"Number one, everybody must adopt the Big Eight's plan for dispersing television and bowl money. Anytime a Big Eight team makes the tube or gets a bowl check, it goes into the league pot, to be shared equally. The exposure, the value of being 'on,' is extra reward enough—no telling how great. Certainly Nebraska hasn't suffered. Most conferences already have a share-the-wealth plan, but there is no continuity. The Pac-8 has the worst: the two competing teams share 40% in a national game and 60% in a regional, then each gets an*other* one-eighth of the rest, along with the other six teams in the conference. By the time a check reaches Oregon it's about big enough to treat the team to a Burger King.

"Next thing you do is balance the major conferences numerically. Rearrange the floor plan. Make all of them 10 or 11 teams strong, so that the sharing is not only equal among the teams within the leagues but between teams in different leagues."

"Rearrange the floor plan?"

"Put Georgia Tech back in the Southeastern Conference and Miami of Ohio in the Big Ten, providing Miami agrees to add some seats. Miami already knows how to beat the Big Ten teams, it just needs stadium parity. Add South Carolina, East Carolina, Virginia Tech and West Virginia to the Atlantic Coast. Put North Texas State and Memphis State in the Southwest—Memphis is right across the river from Arkansas. Add Tulsa and the Air Force to the Big Eight. Move Arizona and Arizona State out of the Western Athletic Conference and into the Pacific-8 where they really belong, and balance the WAC by adding San Jose State—which has a new stadium in the works—San Diego State, Utah State and Pacific. Now do you begin to see the pattern? Now with the addition of a 12th game—"

"A what? Wait a minute, Coach. You're way ahead again. I don't see the pattern. I don't see parity in TV money. Two or three conferences dominate the scheduling, and the independents don't share with anybody. Notre Dame takes it home in bushel baskets."

The Coach squinted at me and grinned.

"You bring up points I should have made, Scribe, but I have not overlooked them. With the conferences thus aligned, it would be no skin off ABC's nose to give each one at least two dates a year, national or regional. That wouldn't preclude the viewers' getting their fill of the USCs and Texases. Then you wind up with a group of 11 major independents—Notre Dame, Pittsburgh, Penn State, Miami of Florida, Syracuse, Florida State, Boston College, Tulane, Southern Mississippi, Army and Navy. When any of these schools gets a TV game, it has to split with the others."

"Notre Dame would go through the roof."

"Let 'em. We're talking about parity, the good of the whole. It's to Notre Dame's benefit to keep teams like Tulane and Pitt from going under in off years, 'off' meaning years they're off television."

"You left out some schools. What about Ohio University and Villanova and—"

"They're kidding themselves, with the schedules they play and the stadiums they have. Go back to what I said about vested interests. But I'd still keep the door open—review the roster annually."



"I think I'm getting it, Coach. But did you say 12th game? I don't. . . ."

"Right now. This year. Twelve games across the board. We used to play nine, then went to 10. The only holdout was Woody Hayes. Hayes was a bulwark against progress. Now everybody plays 11. The fans love it, the

continued

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LANE STEWART

players love it. Even Woody plays 11 now. So much for bulwarks.

"Why 12 games? First, because the college season is way too short. The pros play 20 to 23 games, including exhibitions, and they're older and fatter and less gung-ho. Bud Wilkinson says it's tragic the way we turn December over to the pros just when our fans have their appetites whetted. Second, play 12 because all that a lot of programs need to get over the fiscal hump is an extra payday. And you wouldn't really have to extend the season. Just about every school has an open date between the first of September and the first of December. Fill 'em up. Play somebody like Alabama and it's a *big* payday. Administrators would love it, being bottom-line happy. And the players would rather play than practice. Practice is a bore. And the coaches just get more paranoid when they have an extra week to think."

I lifted my hand to make a point, but he ignored it.

"You're going to say the academicians would complain because it would interfere with semester exams, or some other foolishness. Well, football players do better in class during the season. Check it out. Nobody complains about basketball teams playing 27 games. Nobody complains about baseball teams playing 60 or more. No, they complain about football because all football does is hnance everybody else." He was up again, pacing.

"I wasn't going to say that, Coach," I said hurriedly. "I was going to say scheduling takes time. Some matches are made eight, 10 years in advance."

"Do you think I don't know that?" the Coach said testily. He stuck his thumbs into the band of his Pierre Cardin slacks and hitched them up. "Do you think I got those stock options and that split-level on the 13th fairway by making Xs that couldn't get around the Os? Scheduling is the easy part. You simply play your natural rival twice."

"You do what?"

"I knew I'd be repeating myself. Listen, Scribe. Who does Clemson like to play more than anyone else? South Carolina, of course. The only thing Stanford fans would like better than the Cal-Stanford game is *two* Cal-Stanford games. Everybody has a team they love to hate. Play 'em twice, home-and-home. Like they do in a lot of sports."

"I think I've got it," I said.

"C'mon," said the Coach, and turned smartly toward the door. "I know a place where the luncheon quiche is light as a feather and the martinis will dry your sinuses. I also want to show you the new Mercedes I'm breaking in. Triton gold."

I followed him obediently, making a librarian's mental note that he was taking Milton with him.

SCOUTING REPORTS

1 MICHIGAN

When Bo Schembechler was still in the hospital several months ago recovering from the coronary bypass operation that he had undergone, the Michigan football coach received a get-well card from Purdue Coach Alex Agase. Agase, in what he said was an effort to determine "what a big shot you are," addressed the envelope by pasting a picture of Bo on it, adding only Ann Arbor, Mich. 48104. The letter was delivered to Schembechler in two days.

Such service from an organization not known for its dispatch or ingenuity is remarkable. And eminently fitting for the man who coaches the best college team in the nation. This year's glittering squad should end seven years of frustration for Schembechler who, despite a 66–9–3 record since coming to Ann Arbor in 1969, has seen each bright season marred at the end.

Twice in Bo's reign, Michigan has made it to the Rose Bowl but lost; in the past four years the Wolverines have been defeated by Ohio State three times and tied once. Last season was further besmirched when Michigan was stung by Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl. Now, although it is on a two-game losing streak, is directed by a sophomore quarterback and is coached by a man who missed most of spring practice because of ill health, Michigan seems perfectly positioned to win the national championship. The Wolverines are overloaded.

Defensive Coordinator Gary Moeller tries to worry about the defensive line, which has lost four of five starters, including the gifted Tim Davis at middle guard. But Moeller has a superb new line anchored by Tackle Greg Morton, generally considered one of college football's best. The rest of the defense is also outstanding, most notably at linebacker, where Calvin O'Neal is back on the job. Last season he set a Michigan record with 151 tackles.

Rob Lytle, who gained 1,040 yards at fullback in 1975, will replace Gordon Bell at tailback. "If anybody beats us," says Lytle, "well, everyone will know they lucked out." And now that Fullback Russell Davis is relishing blocking, Lytle should be scooting for another 1,000 or so. The wingback is Jim Smith, who in two seasons averaged better than 14 yards each time he handled the ball. Back, too, is Bob Wood, whose 11 field goals last season set a Wolverine record.

All this plus a solid offensive line should make 1976 a memorable year for sophomore Quarterback Rick Leach, who played nearly full time as a freshman. After the losses to Ohio State and Oklahoma, Schembechler expressed disenchantment with Leach's passing. However, Rick, not the mopey type, says, "I've always had respect for my ability." But he adds that what he hopes to do this year is really establish Michigan's running game. Then what? "Then we'll really run." All the way to No. 1.

The Michigan attack, once superbly spearheaded by Tom Harmon, the 1940 Heisman winner, now is in the hands of Rick Leach

CONTINUED




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2 ALABAMA

With 14 starters from last year's team gone, one would think the Crimson Tide would be hard pressed to win its sixth consecutive SEC title. The defense lost all its backs, linebackers and ends, including All-America Leroy Cook. The offense lost Quarterback Richard Todd, No. 1 draft pick of the New York Jets, both halfbacks, three linemen and backups at quarterback and tight end. These players accounted for 217 of the Tide's 361 points, nearly half of its rushing yardage and 61 of its 69 pass completions. With them, Alabama won 10 of 11 games and whipped Penn State in the Sugar Bowl. Without them the Tide could do even better.

For one thing, Alabama is always well-stocked with football players, and Bear Bryant substituted generously in 1975, anticipating his losses. As a result, he has 33 veterans on hand, among them Backs Andy Gothard, Mike Kramer and Mike Tucker, each of whom saw a lot of action on last year's defense, which limited foes to six points a game, fewest in the nation. Linebacker Dewey Mitchell will play alongside his roommate, 220-pound Rich Wingo, who was redshirted a year ago because he was more interested in cracking heads than playing the position astutely. "He kills his own body," says Tackle Bob Baumhower. "Imagine how he feels about yours." Baumhower pumps iron or runs daily in an attempt to improve on his 11 sacks and team-leading 85 tackles. With Cook gone, 6' 6" Tackle Charles Hannah and Middle Guard Gus White expect to better the 100 tackles they combined for last year.

The Tide will roll with juniors Ozzie Newsome, who led Alabama with 21 catches, five of them for touchdowns, and Johnny Davis, who averaged 6.7 yards per carry, third best in the SEC. In two seasons at fullback, he has not lost a single yard. Halfback Willie Shelby has left, but his 3.9 yards a carry ranked only 13th among Tide backs, nine of whom return. Calvin Culliver, a starter in 1974, and Pete Cavan will open against Ole Miss, but John Crow, son of John David *(page 72)*, and Tony Nathan won't sit forever. Soph Jeff Rutledge, whose brother quarterbacked Alabama in 1973, will call signals, with Jack O'Rear, a 1975 redshirt, at the ready. Against Mississippi last year Jeff became the second freshman in Crimson Tide history to quarterback the varsity. He hit one pass in two attempts and ran seven times for 58 yards. The first frosh quarterback? That was O'Rear in 1973.

With 253 victories, Bryant trails only Amos Alonzo Stagg (314) and Pop Warner (313) as the winningest college coach ever. Bryant received unaccustomed criticism after he ducked Oklahoma in the Orange Bowl, choosing instead to play Penn State. A win over the Sooners might have earned Alabama the national title. "I ain't afraid of anybody," growls the Bear. "I'll play King Kong if it's for No. 1."

3 ARIZONA STATE

In Tempe, home of the Sun Devils, it is not known as "that fabulous catch John Jefferson made in the Arizona game" or even as "Jefferson's Catch." It is simply "The Catch." In 1975 ASU enjoyed a perfect (12–0) season, including a 17–14 victory over Nebraska in the Fiesta Bowl, and the outstanding play of an outstanding year was The Catch. The highlights film shows it twice—the sophomore flat-out in the air above the end zone, his body parallel to the ground, the ball miraculously stuck in his hands. All year projectionists throughout cactus-and-coyote country—except perhaps in Tucson—have been stopping the film, reversing and going ahead again, as fans relive the moment. "He is the best receiver I ever coached," says Frank Kush. "He goes to the ball like a heat-seeking missile." As a freshman, Jefferson went by his stepfather's surname, Washington, but then he decided to switch to his father's name last season. As far as Kush is concerned he can be Lincoln this year and Roosevelt as a senior.

ASU has been the highest-scoring team in college football the past 10 seasons, and with athletes like Jefferson/Washington, '76 should prove no exception. Wingback Larry Mucker gives Quarterback Dennis Sproul another good target, and Tight End Bruce Hardy, a converted quarterback who was on SI's cover (April 29, 1974) as a high school senior in Bingham City, Utah, could be a superstar, according to Kush. Hardy played his new position only part of last season, but still made WAC honorable mention. If Sproul or backup Quarterback Fred Mortensen chooses to hand off rather than fling, it probably will be to senior Fast Freddie Williams, who comes from St. Petersburg, plays either halfback or fullback and has gained 1,000 yards or more each of the last two seasons. The offensive line, whose cornerstone is 6' 5", 256-pound Tackle Steve Chambers, appears formidable.

ASU has to fill the gaps in the defensive backfield, where All-America Mike Haynes played so well last year (and the year before, when he led the nation in intereceptions). But the Sun Devils are not starting from scratch either with All-WAC Cornerback Mike Martinez returning, along with Free Safety John Harris. Up front the "Crunch Bunch" figures to keep grinding up the opposition with the return of Linebacker Tim Petersen, twin brother of Defensive End Rob, who may join Tim as a linebacker. End Willie Scroggins, a fine pass rusher who had 62 unassisted tackles last season, is being switched to tackle.

This will be Kush's 19th year as ASU's head coach and he is improving with age. The Sun Devils have won or shared the WAC title six of the last seven seasons. Still, they have never won a national championship. Could this be the year?

CONTINUED

Fast Freddie Williams runs with the verve of Arizona State's 1950 rushing champion, Willford (Whizzer) White.



Year in and year out the powerful Nebraska Cornhuskers display one of the outstanding football teams in the country, and 1976 should not be an exception. Thirty-seven lettermen return and, despite the NCAA scholarship cutback, there were 158 impressive young players in uniform for spring practice. Nebraska is popping with talent, yet the fans are uneasy. Why? Because the Cornhuskers dropped their final two games last season, and a two-game losing streak hasn't occurred at Nebraska since 1968.

It must be pointed out, however, that those were Nebraska's only losses of the season and that they came at the hands of national champion Oklahoma and second-ranked Arizona State (in the Fiesta Bowl). So there is not too much reason for concern. In fact, this could be the best Nebraska team since 1971's undefeated national champions, the last Cornhusker squad to beat Oklahoma.

Quarterback Vince Ferragamo, a transfer from the University of California, started the last six games of the season after Terry Luck got hurt. He completed nearly 59% of his throws and ended up leading the Big Eight in touchdown passes with 12. But against Arizona State, Ferragamo threw an interception on the first series of downs and was benched by Coach Tom Osborne. He stayed on the sideline the rest of the afternoon while Nebraska lost 17-14. Neither Osborne nor Ferragamo has had much to say about the incident. Ferragamo went through spring practice as the No. 1 quarterback and will probably start against LSU in the season opener.

Nebraska's offensive line, with four returning starters, figures to be redoubtable. The man who makes the unit work is mountainous Bob Lingenfelter, a tackle who stands 6' 7" and weighs 282 pounds. The principle beneficiary will be I-back Monte Anthony, a 207-pound junior who is starting for the third year. The only new face in the starting backfield will be Fullback Lafayette Donnell. If there is a weakness on offense, it would seem to be a lack of speed. Nebraska hasn't had a fast, shifty running back since Johnny Rodgers four years ago.

The defensive line is imposing. Tackle Mike Fultz, 6' 5" and 275, was All-Big Eight last year. Ron Pruitt, a 251-pound senior, missed the season with a broken leg, but is now hale and hearty as well as eager and willing. The linebackers are returning starters. Only in the secondary are the Cornhuskers short on experience, but that does not mean they are short on talent.

Osborne, now in his fourth year as head coach, has a 28–7–1 record and says nine of his current Cornhuskers are among the best players he has ever had. That's good enough to assure that Memorial Stadium, the biggest thing in downtown Lincoln, will once again be the noisiest.



For the first time in 17 lively football seasons somebody other than John McKay is head coach of the Trojans. That somebody is John Robinson, 41, who was a McKay assistant for three years before shifting to the Oakland Raider staff last season. Will the school's 17th head man be a winner in the tradition of McKay (127–40–8) or Howard Jones (121–36–13)? Judging from an excellent spring practice and a fieldful of players wearing cardinal and gold, Robinson could be 12–0 this year or close to it, which wouldn't be a bad start in the right direction. It doesn't hurt that the four toughest-looking games on the schedule—against Missouri, Cal, UCLA and Notre Dame—will be played in L.A.

Actually, quarterback is the question-mark position, not head coach. Trojan fans remember the second half of last year's UCLA game when big Vince Evans couldn't have thrown a football into the Grand Canyon while standing at the rim. Robinson, who must have sprocket holes in his eyes from studying and restudying 1975 films, has decided that Evans must run more instead of standing back there for 10 minutes waiting to find an open man. Robinson has also hired one of the best quarterback coaches in the West, Paul Hackett, who helped develop Steve Bartkowski and Joe Roth at Cal. If Evans doesn't improve from a 31% passer to something near the desired 50%, USC will go with JC transfer Walt Ransom or Rob Hertel, also a fine baseball player. The receivers are first rate, especially Randy Simmrin, leading catcher as a soph, world-class quartermiler Ken Randle and Shelton Diggs. Noting that senior Tailback Ricky Bell caught a short pass in the Liberty Bowl and raced 76 yards to a score, Robinson plans to throw more to his backs.

Bell, a linebacker as a freshman and a fullback as a soph, led the nation in rushing from tailback in '75, amassing the second-highest yardage total in NCAA history, 1,875, which was 49.7% of USC's total offense. He could emulate Trojan Halfbacks Mike Garrett and O. J. Simpson as a Heisman Trophy winner. Bell and Fullbacks Dave Farmer and Mosi Tatupu will be running behind a good offensive line led by 265-pound Tackle Marvin Powell, a prelaw major, and Guard Donnie Hickman.

The defense doesn't have the glamour names, but it is anything but tissue paper. All-Coast Tackle Gary Jeter starts for the fourth season, and aiding him will be the team's leading tackler, Linebacker David Lewis, a 230-pounder who runs the 40 in a nifty 4.65, and Linebacker Mario Celotto, "one of the best defensive players in America," according to Robinson. Safety Clint Strozier led the secondary in both tackles and interceptions.

"This is a great school," says Robinson. "The football tradition is the greatest. We don't aspire to be average."

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6 OHIO STATE

"Sure, we have some problems this year," says Woody Hayes, "but we try not to advertise them. We're like any good poker player, which means we won't turn over our cards until we have to." And when it comes time to show his hand, Hayes will slap down at least a full house and, not inconceivably, yet another royal flush. This will be a great disappointment to (a) Woody haters and (b) the opposition, which looked at the decimated OSU offense (eight of last year's 11 starters are gone, including two-time Heisman winner Archie Griffin, Quarterback Cornelius Greene, Wingback Brian Baschnagel and Center Rick Applegate, who quit the team this spring) and mentally shifted what would normally be an automatic loss to the Buckeyes over to the "maybe win" column.

Rumors of OSU's weaknesses have been enormously exaggerated. "There's nothing wrong with this team that can't be fixed," says Rod Gerald, the sophomore quarterback who played only 21½ minutes last year. The sole returning back is Pete Johnson, who led the nation in touchdowns with 25. The other runners are Tailback Jeff Logan and Wingback Jim Harrell, who have played little, and Ron Springs, for whom the Bucks have high hopes. When a decision had to be made as to whether Ray Griffin should shift to tailback and take over brother Archie's old job or remain over there in the defeosive secondary, Hayes felt secure enough about his offense to leave Ray where he was. So while it will be a case of untested backs performing behind an inexperienced line (with the notable exceptions of Bill Lukens and Chris Ward, who Hayes says "is the best tackle we've ever had"), OSU is not panicky.

The defense, led by Griffin, has eight of its regulars coming back from a team that allowed fewer than nine points a game. The tackles, Nick Buonamici and Eddie Beamon, are superior. Defensive End Bob Brudzinski is likely the best athlete on the team, and Linebacker Ed Thompson led the Buckeyes in tackles last year. Tom Skladany, the nation's leading punter, will kick field goals and PATs as well.

Oh, yes, this year's freshmen are considered Woody's best bunch. "We have several who might help us," says Hayes cautiously.

Woody remains very much in command in his 31st year as a head coach. He is at one moment irascible and the next mellow, although he fumes, "I'm not either mellow." He is expansive—or brusque. "Applegate just quit," he bridles. "Period. That's all I'll say. Period."

Hayes, who is second to Bear Bryant as the active coach with the most wins, says, "No matter how long you've been at something, you have to keep listening to others. But you have to be careful who you listen to. Besides, all the guys I listened to are either senile or dead."

7 OKLAHOMA

"For the last four seasons the cry on our sideline was 'Go get 'em, defense!' " says Larry Lacewell, who directs the Oklahoma defense that has been largely responsible for the Sooners' 43–2–1 record since 1972. "This year we'll yell 'Go get 'em, offense!' "

Only four starters are missing from the defense that helped OU to the national championship last season, but among them are Leroy Selmon, said to be the best defensive tackle ever to play at Oklahoma, and All-America End Jimbo Elrod. "We bave some good linemen coming in as replacements," says Lacewell, "but I'm talking about trying to replace *great* players, not just good ones."

The secondary, on the other hand, promises to be even better than in the past. Cornerbacks Jerry Anderson and Sidney Brown and Safeties Scott Hill and Zac Henderson all return, along with several subs who would star on most teams. Texas Coach Darrell Royal says the OU secondary is the finest he's ever seen. Lacewell won't argue with that. "They have size and speed, and they'll knock your hat off," he says. "They stay totally busy. I just hope they don't get worn out this fall chasing folks who should be stopped at the line. What our defense needs most this year is a lot of points from our offense."

Offense is where the Sooners have the special glow that drives their fans to sueh heights of fanaticism that one of them has had BIG RED marked on his front teeth in red enamel. A rich backlog of offensive talent offsets the loss of quarterback Steve Davis (who guided the wishbone attack for three straight years), superb All-America halfback Joe Washington, Fullback Jim Littrell and the Split Ends Tinker Owens and Billy Brooks, among a few others.

"The offense will be outstanding," says Head Coach Barry Switzer. Oklahoma has three sets of backs who run the 40 in 4.5 or less. Starting halfbacks are likely to be seniors Elvis Peacock and Horace Ivory. Billy Sims—after he recovers from a broken bone in his shoulder—should be right behind them, as will spring-practice standout Woody Shepard. Power-running Fullback Jim Culbreath has a slight edge over soph Kenny King, another Texan, but Switzer is fascinated with the idea of having a fullback with King's speed. "When that kid turns it on, he can make things happen," Switzer says.

The offensive line, featuring All-America tackle candidate Mike Vaughan (6′ 5″, 275), is solid. That brings us to quarterback. The top candidate is junior Dean Blevins. "He's got everything going for him," says Switzer. "He only needs to prove he can put it together as the No. 1 man." If Blevins can't, chances are that soph Thomas Lott, another blue-chipper from Texas, can. With either, the Oklahoma offense should gain ground in great gulps.

CONTINUED



When Texas introduced the wishbone offense eight years ago, it also introduced the perfect quarterback for the wishbone, a player with fast feet, quick hands and a nimble mind. James Street was the first, followed by Eddie Phillips, Donnie Wigginton, Alan Lowry and Marty Akins. Each led Texas to eight victories or more a year, plus an annual bowl invitation and at least one Southwest Conference championship. It is an impressive heritage

With the graduation of Akins, a three-year starter and the conference Player of the Year last season, the quarterback job now passes to an inexperienced sophomore. If Ted Constanzo measures up to the standards set by his predecessors, the Longhorns could be even better than in 1975, when they finished 10–2, won a one-third share of the conference title and beat Colorado in the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl. If he is something less, Texas could have a disappointing season.

Every other position is loaded with proved talent: 10 veteran starters back on defense and eight on offense, including powerful Fullback Earl Campbell. Moreover Texas has two running backs named Johnny Jones, one of them the freshman who won a gold at Montreal in the 4 x 100 relay. The punting and placekicking are once again in the capable feet of Russell Erxleben. But despite this impressive supporting cast the eyes of Texas are on Constanzo. Coach Darrell Royal himself says, "Our only problem is at quarterback." Royal knows it will take a steady hand to restore Texas' dignity in the State Fair game against Oklahoma (won by the Sooners the last five years) and to survive the season-ending clashes at home with co-champions Texas A&M and Arkansas.

Unfortunately, last year Constanzo did not inspire much confidence in substitute appearances against TCU and A&M. "I was fairly awed," he admits. "But I had a pretty good spring and I think that helped everybody. I know I'm not like Marty, though. I won't be able to take the pressure off the way he did. It's something we'll all have to share."

Royal argues that it is unfair to compare the young Constanzo to the experienced Akins because "even Marty as a sophomore couldn't compare with Marty as a senior." Constanzo does not suffer in every comparison, though. Campbell, who has gained 2,046 yards in two seasons, says, "Since Ted's arms are longer, I'll be able to get outside quicker on his handoffs." That may not sound like much, but Campbell thinks it can help him gain even more yardage.

The biggest problem solver of all could be the defense, which promises to be one of Royal's best ever. "If we can't score as much as we did last year," says Tackle Brad Shearer, "we just can't let the other teams score as much either. But I guess that's obvious." And probably necessary.



Perhaps it is Maryland's proximity to the nation's capital that makes Terrapin Coach Jerry Claiborne sound a bit more like a politician than most coaches. Going into last season with only seven of the previous year's 22 starters on hand, Claiborne declared 1975 a "rebuilding year" as he appraised a schedule that included Tennessee, Penn State and a bevy of strengthened rivals from the Atlantic Coast Conference. But although it lost to the former pair, the Terrapins defeated all five ACC foes, won their second straight conference title and flattened favored Florida in the Gator Bowl, finishing 11th in a post-bowl poll, the school's highest ranking since 1955.

O.K., Jerry, then 1976 ought to be a sleigh ride. With two superior quarterbacks, a dazzling runner, a freight train offensive line, one of the country's best defensive linemen and no rival (Syracuse? West Virginia?) bearing the remotest resemblance to last year's spoilers, it doesn't take George Gallup to predict 11–0 for the Terps and a New Year's date with—Alabama? Nebraska?

Either Mark Manges or Larry Dick (both 6′ 3″) will be running Maryland's versatile offense behind a veteran line that averages 237 pounds a man. Manges opened last season by throwing four TD passes against Villanova, but he separated a shoulder in the Tennessee game, whereupon Dick came off the bench to hit 15 of 24. Manges returned to nearly beat Penn State, and the two took turns bailing each other out the rest of the way. Completing 57% of 205 passes with only five interceptions is not bad for a two-headed quarterback.

Fullback Tim Wilson (6′ 3″, 215) will be leading the way for Tailback Steve Atkins (6′ 1″, 225), who gained 127 yards in the Gator Bowl as a freshman. Claiborne isn't hard to please. All he wants from his offense is 30 points and 400 yards a game. "Not just do that a few times," he says, "but *average* it."

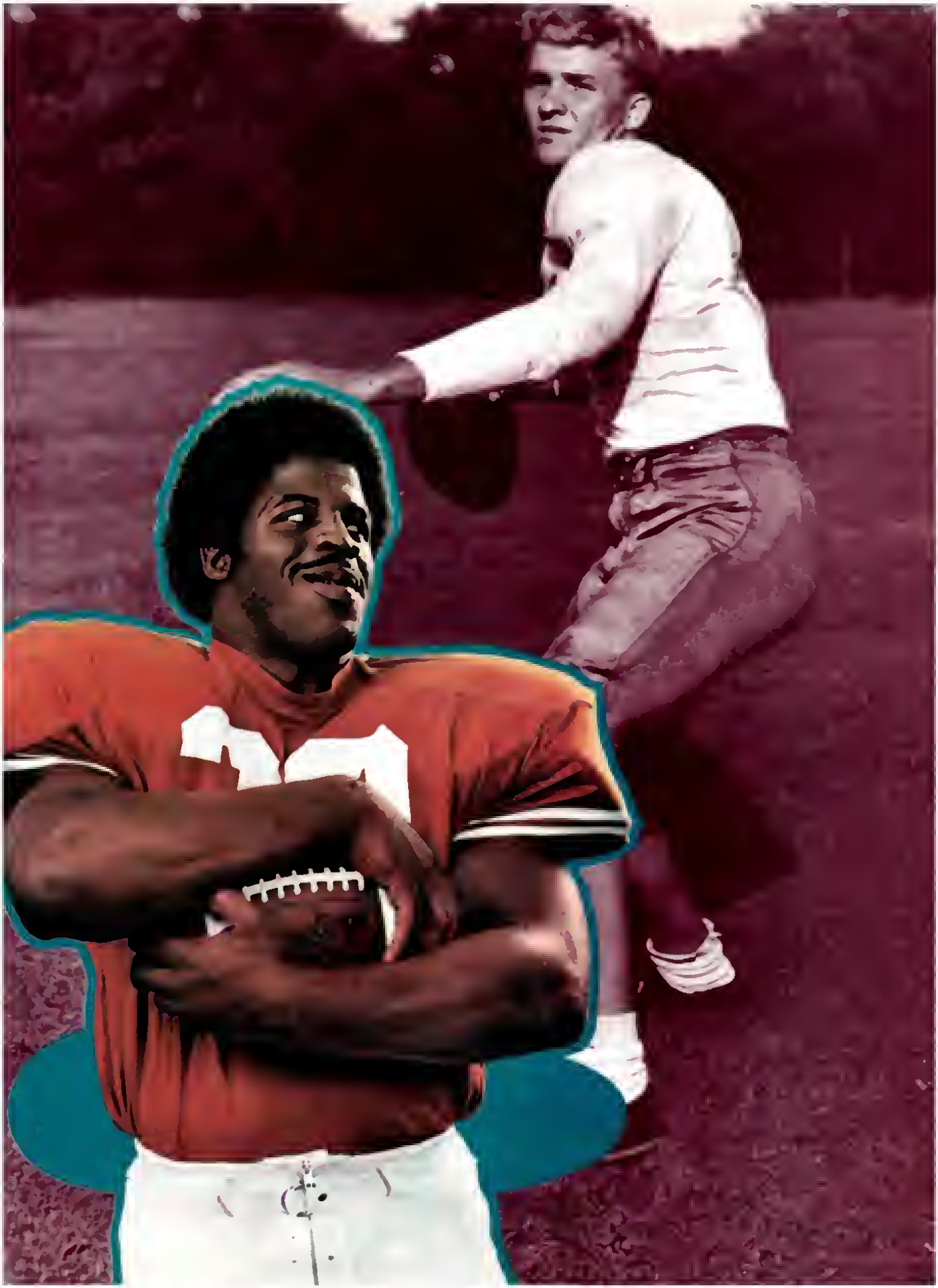
That of course would put less burden on the defense. Although Maryland lost four ends, two linebackers and three backs, Linebacker Brad Carr, Back Ken Roy and Tackles Ralph Fisher and 6′ 6″, 255-pound Joe Campbell, the Terrapins' best lineman since Randy White, are still wearing the red and white.

Claiborne converted two defensive backs, JC transfer John Douglas and sophomore Joe Muffler, to end, where he also will have redshirt Keith Calta. He moved a wingback, John Stanford, to safety, where the Coach is also trying his son Jonathan.

By the third or fourth game, the Terps should be clicking. But Claiborne isn't going out on a limb. "No way I'm going to say our team will go undefeated," he says. But it sure must be tempting

Three decades of Texas triumphs link burly Fullback Earl Campbell with flamboyant Quarterback Bobby Layne

CONTINUED





10 PITTSBURGH

Tony Dorsett performs miracles against Notre Dame, he outdoes Heisman Trophy winners and he will almost certainly break Archie Griffin's career rushing record. This Tony Dorsett is some kind of runner.

In three meetings with the Irish, Pitt's superstar has averaged 191 yards per game, including a 303-yard romp in last year's 34–20 Panther victory. What's more, Dorsett carried the football farther in 1973 and again in 1975 than the players judged to be the finest in the land those seasons, outrushing 1973 Heisman recipient John Cappelletti 1,586 yards to 1,522 as a freshman and last year, as a junior, surpassing Heisman winner Griffin 1,544 yards to 1,357. Now a senior, with 4,134 yards in the bank, Dorsett could slack off some and still overtake Archie, whose career rushing total is 5,177.

Additional alarming news for opponents is that Dorsett is but one of 18 returning starters from last year's 8–4 team. Their presence should make Coach Johnny Majors' fourth season at Pitt his most successful. Clearly, what Majors has in mind for the Panthers is more than just winning Eastern football's Lambert Trophy. He wants them to be kings of the whole jungle.

The Pitt offense, which proved explosive on consecutive weekends against Temple (55–6) and Army (52–20), remains virtually intact. Majors hopes the additional year of experience will help avoid such letdowns as the 17–0 defeat by Navy that followed the 107-point fortnight.

Alongside Dorsett in the backfield is Elliott Walker, a 903-yard man who might easily have run for 903 more if his principal job in life were not to block for Dorsett. Running the veer offense again will be Quarterback Bob Haygood, who matched the 100-yard efforts of Dorsett and Walker in the Panthers' 33–19 Sun Bowl triumph over Kansas. Haygood may throw more often to take advantage of a pair of superb receivers—sophomore speedster Gordon Jones, who ranked sixth nationally in punt returns, and Tight End Jim Corbett, who helps clear the way for Dorsett.

Pitt's defensive players are not as big as those on its offensive line, but they can motor and they love to gang-tackle. Linebacker Arnie Weatherington was the leader of the pack with 143 take-downs, and Majors says Middle Guard Al Romano is the best to play that position for him.

With all this in mind, ABC-TV and the NCAA rearranged Pitt's schedule so the Dorsett-Notre Dame rematch on Sept. 11 could be the first Saturday afternoon telecast. That means a lot is being expected of the gold and blue's No. 33. But should he again run roughshod over the Fighting Irish and go on to surpass Griffin's record, Tony might not have to worry about being upstaged by the 1976 Heisman Trophy winner. His name could be Dorsett.

11 PENN STATE

Joe Paterno ought to write a book and call it *How to Finish 9–3 When the Other Guys Run More Plays and Make More First Downs Than You Do.* That actually happened to Penn State last year when the Nittany Lions did things like taking a precautionary safety in the last few seconds to hold on to a 26–25 victory over Temple. And although they clobbered Stanford, Iowa, West Virginia and Army, they lived and died by the field goal against their other opponents. Paterno's big problem was that his No. 1 offensive player, all-purpose back Jimmy Cefalo, was hurt and never a factor.

In Cefalo's absence, the always ferocious Penn State defense shared most of the credit with Placekicker Chris Bahr, who booted three 55-yarders and scored more than twice as many points (73) as anyone else on the team. Unfortunately for Penn State, Bahr has graduated and left his brother, sophomore Matt, with some large-sized shoes to fill. Also missing are seven of those fine defensive starters and four offensive regulars.

Penn State's overall talent will not be much different this season, however, because Paterno has capable replacements. He doesn't like to play freshmen too much, even though he was obliged to last year because of injuries. There are no real superstars around; the fact that the team has five co-captains may attest to this. Without Bahr, Penn State's offense figures to be more wide open out of sheer necessity. Moreover, Paterno took a spring trip, which revised his thinking a little.

Where did Paterno visit? Places like USC and California—plus Oakland, for a look at the Raiders. He says he picked up some interesting tidbits, but what might change the team's offensive complexion more than any other factor is sophomore Quarterback Chuck Fusina. As a freshman, Fusina helped beat Pittsburgh 7–6 in a game marked by Panther Kicker Carson Long's three errant field-goal attempts in the fourth quarter. Fusina still has to beat out senior John Andress, but he throws the ball so beautifully Paterno won't deny the possibility.

Because the Nittany Lions' two best players—Linebacker Kurt Allerman and Offensive Tackle Brad Benson—can't score many points themselves, Penn State's fortunes will turn on Cefalo's renewed good health and on players who had intermittent success last year: Tailback Rich Mauti (100-yard kickoff return, 70-yard TD reception) and Flanker Tom Donovan (61-yard run, 5.5-yard season average).

By the way, a word of advice to that guy in the bar who likes to call Paterno at 2 a.m. and ask how the Lions are doing: wait until Sept. 18 when Ohio State pays its first visit to Beaver Stadium. The coach says he'll have the answer after that one.

Marshall Goldberg (1936–38) was Pitt's most renowned running back until Tony Dorsett came juking along

CONTINUED

12 TEXAS A&M

For Texas A&M the best thing about the start of the 1976 season is that maybe people will stop talking about the 1975 season, which for the Aggies was the best of times and the worst of times. They won 10 of 11 regular-season games, shared the Southwest Conference title and led the nation in total defense. But a stunning loss to Arkansas in their last game kept them out of the Cotton Bowl and ruined their chances of gaining the national championship. Instead, the Aggies went to the Liberty Bowl, where, uninspired, they lost to USC. "It's a shame to have a 10–2 season and be so disappointed," says Defensive Tackle Jimmy Dean. "All the fans feel that way, and I guess I do too."

If 1975 was a season to forget, 1976 could be one to remember. Although half the starters are gone, including both wishbone halfbacks and two All-America defenders, there is no shortage of optimism in Aggieland. "A program is sound when you are able to replace your good players," says Emory Bellard, who has improved his record in each of his four years as coach. "We're at that stage now. We have every reason to be optimistic."

After experimenting with the veer offense in the spring, Bellard is staying with the wishbone, which he helped devise while an assistant at Texas. There will be more passing, however, with Quarterback David Shipman rated steady and dependable. As for the bread-and-butter running game of the wishbone, 240-pound Fullback George Woodard scatters tacklers like duckpins. Among the new candidates for halfback is speedy Curtis Dickey, one of the state's best high school runners last year and now one of several outstanding freshmen. Bellard also hopes some reassignments in the line will make the blocking more consistent.

Assistant Head Coach Melvin Robertson again feels pleased with his defense. "We might not produce last year's statistics, but we could be better," he says. "We have five guys the pros really like." Among them are All-Conference Tackles Jimmy Dean and Edgar Fields. "I've always been an Aggie," says Dean, who was born while his father was an A&M student 21 years ago. On the other hand, Fields says, "Until I came here, I didn't even know what an Aggie was." Another standout is Middle Linebacker Robert Jackson, who might still be loading steel at Texas Forge if he had not seen some of his old high school friends playing college ball on television and decided, "Hey, I can do that." Jackson called the coach at Henderson County Junior College, made that team and then attracted the attention of A&M recruiters.

Even with late-season road games at Arkansas and Texas, the Aggies like their chances this year. "I can't say we'll have an average season," says Fields. "I think we'll be great." Maybe even unforgettable.

13 FLORIDA

When Doug Dickey arrived in Gainesville in 1970, he inherited one All-America end with gout and a team with a tradition of big-play stars who didn't always want to play big. The campus was alive with Frisbees, halter-topped coeds and a professor who invented Gatorade. Alums considered the Florida-Georgia game the world's largest outdoor cocktail party, and although the Gators often won as many as eight or nine games, they had not won an SEC title in 42 years. "We couldn't look somebody in the eye and beat them," Dickey says. "Now I think we can."

Florida's record has improved annually since 1971. Last year the Gators lost only two games, by a total of four points, before Maryland upset them 13-0 in the Gator Bowl. "Nobody cared about the Terps," says Linebacker Scott Hutchinson. "We thought we'd get a Top Ten team to play in the Gator because we were really rolling."

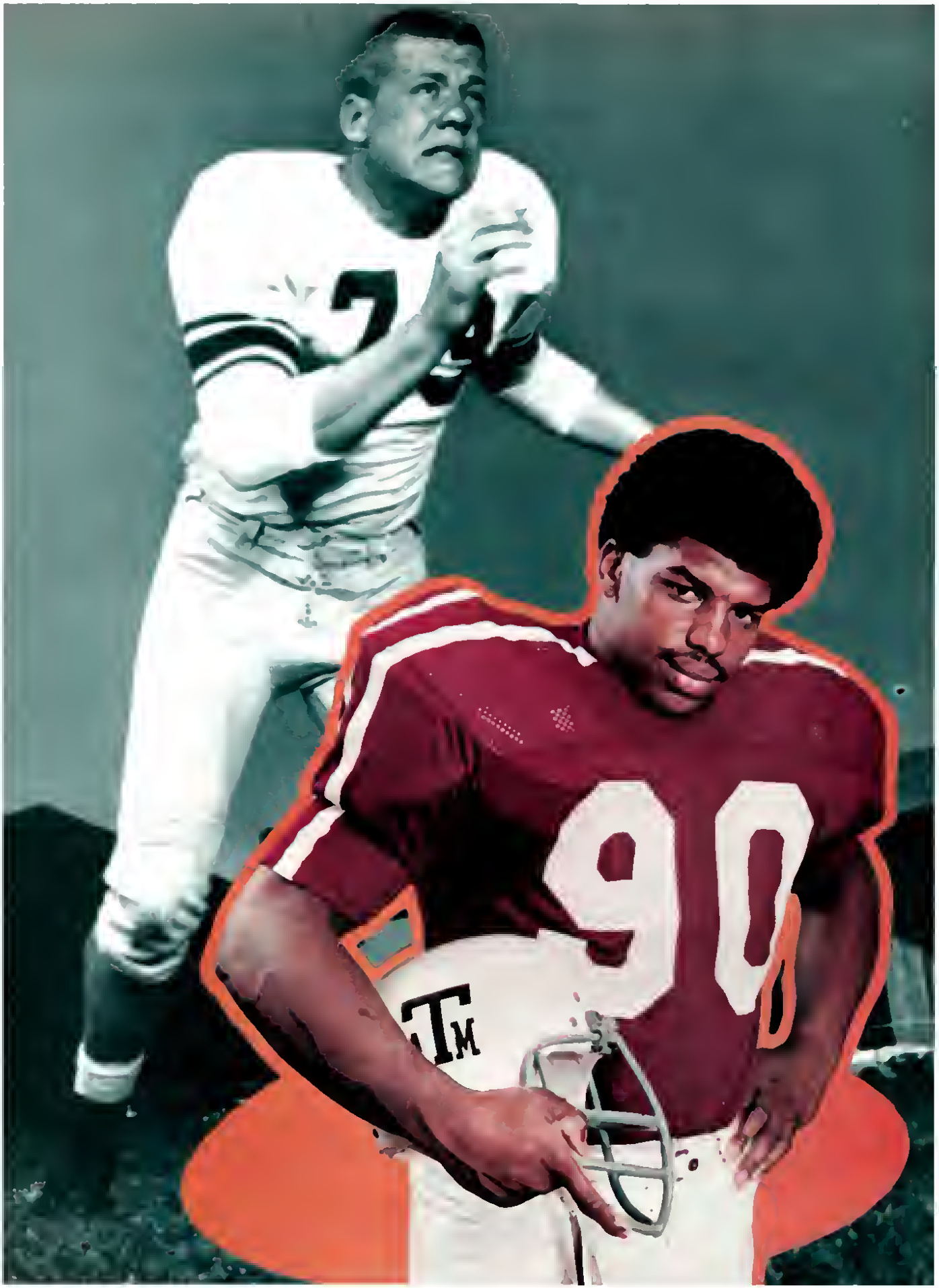
This year the rolling should continue. Florida has a fairly soft schedule and 18 starters or former starters back. Jimmy DuBose is gone to the Tampa Bay Buccaneers, but the backfield sparkles even without him. Consider the speed: Halfback Willie Wilder outran Ivory Crockett in a 60-yard dash last winter. Fullbacks Larry Brinson and Robert Morgan both run the 40 under 4.6 and neither is as fast as Sammy (Juice) Lemon. Tony Green, a disappointment last fall, reported at a trim 180 pounds, hungry to break the school rushing record (856 yards) he set in 1974 when he was named SEC Freshman of the Year. Back, too, are Wes Chandler, who averaged 22.9 yards a catch, and Kicker David Posey, the SEC's leading scorer. The wishbone—or whoosh'bone, as it's known in Gainesville—will be run by senior Jimmy Fisher, a 43% passer, but a winner both times he started as a Gator. Dickey's main offensive problem, if it can be called a problem, is finding the right spot for Terry LeCount, a world-class quartermiler who has been alternating at quarterback and wide-out.

The strength on the offensive line—Guards Keith Tribble and Joe Pupello, Tackles Bruck Mullinix and David Forrester and Center Robbie Moore—is evident when you consider that such specimens as Mark Totten (6′ 6″, 275), Steve Kiefer (6′ 6″, 263), Don Swafford (6′ 7″, 233) and Gavin Sprietsma (6′ 7″, 235) all come off the bench. And yet the bruisers most talked about are on defense: Darrell Carpenter, the team's leading tackler, and Hutchinson, shifting from tackle to middle linebacker in place of departed All-America Sammy Green.

With nine games in Florida and no Alabama to play, Dickey knows the time is ripe for a shot at the conference title. "We want 110% from our players," he says. "Those are the guys who we'll play." Which is another way of saying tradition better not interfere.

Edgar Fields carries on Texas A&M tradition of fine linemen exemplified by 1956–57 All-America Charlie Krueger

CONTINUED




18
SPALDING

14 ARKANSAS

Arkansas' athletic committee was told in 1972 by Coach Frank Broyles that it would be at least three years before the slumping Razorbacks were competitive again. Competitive at Arkansas is not like competitive at other schools. Competitive in Fayetteville means winning nine or 10 games and going to the Cotton Bowl. Anything less is a disappointment, and in 1972, 1973 and 1974 the football-loving people of Arkansas were sorely disappointed. The team finished fourth in the Southwest Conference each of those years, won a total of only three more games than it lost and received no bowl invitations. "It was a very difficult time," says Broyles. "I put on a face and tried to go about business in an optimistic way."

What made matters worse was that the rest of the conference was growing stronger while the high schools in Arkansas were not producing the quality players they once did. Broyles got busy, poured money into new facilities and hired a staff of assistants who could recruit as well as they could coach. In 1975, right on schedule, all that effort paid off. Arkansas finished 10-2, shared the league title and flattened Georgia in the Cotton Bowl 31-10. Which made everybody in Arkansas very happy.

This year there should be even more joy. "Our squad has learned how to win again," says Broyles, "and we now have a proven player or a player with potential at every position."

The team's principal strength is its defense, which has six starters returning. All-America candidates Bo Busby at safety and Johnnie Meadors at end are two prime reasons why Broyles says, "If we can score, we can have a great year." Last season the Razorbacks led the conference in fewest points allowed, a protective cushion Broyles would love to have again for his inexperienced offense.

Most of the offensive talent is in the line, which is bolstered by three returning starters. One of them, R. C. Thielemann, switches from guard to center to make room for 270-pound Steve Heim. The change suits Thielemann, who prefers blocking a nose guard head on to chasing down a linebacker. "I like to do my talking with my headgear," he says.

Arkansas also has some fine running backs, notably versatile Jerry Eckwood. Before suffering a knee injury last season, Eckwood gained 100 yards or more in five straight games. Sophomore Ron Calcagni has the edge at quarterback, but much is expected of freshman Houston Nutt, whom Bear Bryant tried hard to recruit for Alabama. The schedule is ideal for developing young quarterbacks: four home games and two open dates before the first road contest. By then the resurgent Razorbacks should be at their competitive best.

15 TENNESSEE

While visiting a hospital in Knoxville last winter, Coach Bill Battle came upon a small boy bedridden with mononucleosis. "Hope you get better real soon," he said. "I hope you do, too," the boy replied.

At times last season the Vols seemed to have mono themselves. Following seasons of 11–1, 10–2, 10–2, 8–4 and 7–3–2, they fell to 7–5 and missed a bowl bid for the first time since 1964. The defense yielded 193 points in 12 games, and when it did stop teams like Vanderbilt and North Texas State, the sometimes explosive offense sputtered and the Vols lost. O blamed D and D badmouthed O. After a 23-6 drubbing by Mississippi, Battle summoned his players to clear the air. "We felt like talking, but nobody could think of anything to say," says End Larry Seivers. "The meeting ended like the whole season—strange."

This year Vol fans, many of whom moor their orange-and-white houseboats in the Tennessee River alongside Neyland Stadium, will see some changes. For one, a new upper deck will add 9,600 seats to the stadium. For another, to pump life into the Vols' predictable attack, Battle has hired Dal Shealy, the triple-option genius who helped Carson-Newman gain its high NAIA rankings and engineered Baylor's offense when the Bears won the Southwest Conference in 1974. In Shealy's "5–5" attack the line tries to drive five yards downfield with backs deployed, ready to scoot five yards after them once the quarterback, reading defenses, decides who gets the ball. "We may not always make the five yards," concedes Assistant Coach Fred Malone. "But we're gonna be pretty berserk down there if we don't." The pressure is on Randy Wallace, a 50% passer who netted 1,318 yards in the air. He will operate behind a veteran line that features Guard Mickey Marvin; his prime target will be Seivers, who beat a lot of double coverage in 1975 with his eye-popping cuts and 34-inch vertical spring to lead the SEC with 41 catches for 840 yards. To complement the passing game Tennessee has able ball carriers in Kelsey Finch, Frank Foxx, Bobby Emmons and Mike Gayles. Stanley Morgan, an All-SEC tailback in 1974, looks even better now at wingback.

On defense, Russ Williams, once a linebacker, and Jeff Moore, formerly an end, have switched to strong safety and cornerback to buttress the secondary. Two sets of tackles and ends will alternate; Jim Woofter and Danny Jenkins will supply the lightning, and 275-pound Jesse Turnbow, 250-pound Glenn Tucker and strongman David Barron the thunder. Craig Puki moves from running back to linebacker, joining Andy Spiva, a menace afield.

Tennessee runs into Alabama and Florida back-to-back on Oct. 16 and 23. That's when Battle will know if things have gotten better. Or, possibly, worse.

CONTINUED

Beaming Larry Seivers hopes rekindled Tennessee will show the ardor of 1930's hero Beattie Feathers.

16 COLORADO

A visitor to the University of Colorado might wonder why an athlete being romanced by the Buffs would consider any other place. The Rocky Mountains rise to the west of the school's red tile roofs, and the town of Boulder offers every pleasure a youth could wish. In fact, Colorado does attract fine athletes in great numbers. Last year's Buffs had splendid physiques and abilities: 11 of them were chosen early in the NFL draft, a record no other school could match.

But, as a rival coach points out, "Colorado has a history of losing games it ought to win." Last season, for example, Colorado had Oklahoma on the ropes but managed to lose by one point. The Buffs jumped to a quick lead over Texas in the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl and wound up losing 38-21. In the midst of a disciplinary hassle, Colorado got thoroughly whacked by Nebraska. The Buffs won the rest of their games but finished third in the Big Eight.

Coach Bill Mallory, entering his third season at Colorado, thinks he knows what has been going wrong—the defense. But defense is Mallory's specialty, and the Buffs are definitely getting better at it. "We have the potential to be as good as Oklahoma or Nebraska," he says. "Last year the kids saw how close we were—only two points away from a three-way tie for the conference championship. This past spring we had the best recruiting haul I know of at Colorado. They rave about their secondary at OU, but ours is as good as theirs or anybody else's."

The offensive line has largely moved on to the NFL, but 270-pound Guard Leon White returns, shifting to tackle, and finds himself lining up beside people who can bend a scale as well as he can. Like Tight End Don Hasselbeck. Already an All-America, Hasselbeck is 6′8″ and weighs 255. Having those vital statistics in front of him should mean a 1,000-yard season for Tailback Tony Reed, who is as good as any back in the Big Eight, according to Mallory. That covers a lot of ground, and so does Reed—202 yards in the final spring game, to be exact.

One of Mallory's problems is replacing Quarterback Dave Williams, the conference total-offense leader. But that may be resolved with the emergence of senior Jeff Austin and the return home of sophomore Jeff Knapple. Austin is 6′4″ and weighs 215. "He's a good runner," says Mallory, "has a good arm and all the equipment to run our offense. He's very key to us." Knapple, a high school hero in Boulder, hasn't had much game experience in the past three years. He suffered a separated shoulder as a high school senior, played in one game at UCLA before being injured, then transferred to Colorado and sat out a year. He is 6′ 3″, weighs 200 and will take charge if Austin falters. The Buffs play both Oklahoma and Nebraska in the high altitude of Boulder and could be the surprise team of the league.

17 MIAMI OF OHIO

Everyone knows Miami, as in Moon Over But not so many can locate that other Miami, as in Confusion Over. It is in Oxford, Ohio, and getting to the campus there isn't all that hard. Just find a two-lane road leading northwest out of Cincinnati. When you think you're hopelessly lost, you're in Oxford. Take three steps and you've crossed town.

You're also on the turf of the Miami University Redskins (the school has a four-year scholarship open to any full-blooded Indian who will enroll and be the school mascot; none has). Miami has no business being among this land's best football teams, but it is. Over the last three years its 32–1–1 record happens to tie it with Oklahoma as the best in the nation.

O.K., so some of those wins are over Dayton and Marshall. But Purdue hardly comes down with a case of the giggles when the name Miami (enrollment and stadium capacity both are less than 15,000) sneaks into the conversation. In the past three years Purdue's record against Miami is 0–2–1; South Carolina has been whipped twice lately by Miami; Florida, Georgia and Kentucky have also been thrashed. "If I were a big school," says Miami Defensive Coordinator Joe Novak, "I wouldn't play us." Head Coach Dick Crum says, "We get fair football players, then make 'em a whole lot better."

This year's plan is to knock over everybody, including six members of Miami's own Mid-American Conference. Then, goes the scenario, an 11–0 mark might send Miami to something besides the Tangerine Bowl, which it has won three years running.

The big trouble spot is quarterback, although Crum insists, "I really feel pretty good about our quarterbacks." Which shows how giddy success can make a fellow, especially when one doesn't have Sherman Smith, who was Seattle's second-round draft pick. That leaves two sophomores. Bob Maxwell is more polished, more consistent, a better passer; Larry Fortner runs stronger and is more apt to make the big play in the multiple offense. Two talented defensive ends return (Bill Palmer and Carl Wintzer); both missed parts of last season with injuries.

Other key spots are solid. Nose guard will be Jack Glowik, who specializes in creating havoc; Joe Hasenohrl will anchor the defensive line at tackle; the offensive kingpin up front will be Tackle Mike Watson. Tailback Rob Carpenter, the 13th best rusher in the nation last year, is back again and confessing modestly that why he carries the ball so well is "kind of mysterious. I look at a film and I say, 'That's not me.'"

But it is and it is Miami, a team that succeeds because the players do what Crum implores them to before each game: "Just go out there, lay your ears back and play."

18

NOTRE DAME

If Notre Dame were ever to enter a season with a team made up entirely of the lame, the infirm and the dim, experts would study the lineup carefully and conclude that, sure enough, the Irish have the makings of yet another superior team. Just the name Notre Dame guarantees the school a place in everybody's Top 20.

And if Notre Dame should have a few decent players—bingo!—you're immediately talking national championship, which is the principal language spoken around South Bend. But such chatter this year is idle. For while the infirm and the dim don't dominate the squad, several key players have a history of turning up lame. A national title would be a miracle. The Irish are good, likely can go at least 8–3, but for Notre Dame that's bad. That would ditto last year's record, which easily could have fallen to 6–5 save for dramatic comeback wins over North Carolina and Air Force.

The Irish play Pitt in the season opener, an especially tough challenge for Notre Dame's offensive line, which is so new the players still will be introducing themselves to one another. Later, there's Alabama, and the season closes at Southern Cal.

It is that interior offensive line that has the coaches in jitters, although Offensive Coordinator Merv Johnson is trying the calm approach. "We aren't as bad as we were afraid we might be," he says. "It's not a throw-up-your-hands situation." But the only returning starter in the interior line is Guard Ernie Hughes, and Coach Dan Devine frets, "The hardest position to play is the offensive line."

Elsewhere Notre Dame has a fine supply of talent, notably fourth-year Quarterback Rick Slager (he sat out 1973 with a shoulder separation, by coincidence the last time the Irish won the national title). Ken MacAfee was an All-America tight end last year as a sophomore, catching 26 passes. More top-flight backs are on hand than second-year Coach Devine can say grace over. There's Fullback Jerome Heavens, who led the team in rushing as a freshman. And there are two premier running backs in fleet Al Hunter and Mark McLane who, believe it, doesn't mind blocking. Says McLane, "I wouldn't say there's a cockiness around here, just confidence." But McLane missed all of spring practice with an injury, and Hunter missed part of it.

The defense has reason to be confident. Key players are Ends Ross Browner and Willie Fry (who also missed spring ball) and Tackle Jeff Weston. "We have a good chance to be average," says Line Coach Joe Yonto.

Slager admits that around Notre Dame "sometimes we get to winning so much that we almost lose respect for winning." But the fans don't feel that way, which is why 8–3 will bring out grumblers complaining that Devine is not divine. And certainly not Rockne, Leahy or Parseghian.

19

ARIZONA

No. 2 behind Arizona State in its league and in its state last year, Arizona has lost 12 starters, yet people in Tucson remain optimistic. The reason is Head Coach Jim Young, a Bowling Green graduate who served his apprenticeship under Bo Schembechler at Michigan, came west in 1973 and soon had the Wildcats clawing opponents. With essentially the same players, a 4–7 team became an 8–3 team. Arizona went on to 9–2 records the past two seasons, and the faithful don't think it's ever going to end. The seating capacity of Arizona Stadium has been upped from 40,000 to 57,000, making it the biggest football edifice in the Western Athletic Conference, and Young deserves much of the credit. And there is more than just added seats and a good coaching staff in Tucson to cause optimism.

Quarterback Bruce Hill, WAC offensive Player of the Year, is gone, but his two-year backup man, Marc Lunsford, a high school whiz in Bloomington, Ind., has a stronger arm and can run. He'll be throwing to his old high school partner, Reed May, a transfer from Michigan State, as well as to an outstanding deep threat, Keith Hartwig, one of many Californians on the squad (there are 30 Arizonans, 28 Californians, 10 of 24 freshmen on scholarship are from California). If Lunsford's passing or the running of Keith Jackson or Dean Schock doesn't get the Wildcats on the scoreboard, they can always turn to Lee Pistor from Phoenix. In two seasons the 148-pound Pistor has kicked 22 field goals, 15 of them last year in 19 attempts. He also has made 35 of 38 extra-point attempts and led the team in scoring with 80 points.

Arizona's schedule is fairly tough—Auburn, UCLA and BYU are the first three opponents, and Texas Tech and Arizona State come later—but the defense seems up to the challenge. Tackle Jon Abbott, a premed student and a first-team Academic All-America, has been moved from middle guard. Another fine student-athlete is junior Defensive Back Doug Henderson, who grew up in Germany, started college as a sophomore, is an excellent student in computer science and is the school's top long jumper and triple jumper. Linebacker Obra (the Cobra) Erby led the 1975 team in defensive points (117 unassisted tackles, 71 assists) and made All-WAC. Linebacker Mark Jacobs was All-WAC the year before.

Young is working more with the defense this season—his top assistant, Larry Smith, left to become head coach at Tulane—while hoping the offense can match its amazing 1975 record of rarely giving the ball away. Of Bruce Hill's 217 passes, only three were intercepted, and the team lost only six fumbles. Nine turnovers, compared to 37 in 1974.

"I think we'll have a good football team," says Young, who hasn't had a bad one yet in Tucson. "A number of men classified as inexperienced are very fine players."

20 CALIFORNIA

Look out, America. Joe Roth is back! Golden Bear, golden hair, golden arm, golden future—this guy had everything last year except official ranking as the nation's best passer, and he's after that this time. Give him room to throw and he's gotcha.

This is the same Joe Roth who at the beginning of last season was a holder on extra points. With California 1–2, he moved into the starting quarterback spot occupied the year before by Steve Bartkowski and rallied the Golden Bears to seven victories in eight games, an 8–3 record and a share of the Pac-8 championship. Along the way he bombed Washington for 380 yards. With Steve Rivera grabbing everything tossed his way and Chuck Muncie putting in a better statistical year than Archie Griffin, Cal accomplished feats that seemed impossible for Cal, not to mention an I-formation team.

In a year when a nationwide NCAA record for rushing yardage was set, with wishbone attacks all over the place, the Golden Bears, with their drop-back passer, still managed to take the team total-offense crown. And no team ever will have a better balanced offense. Cal gained 2,522 yards in the air and 2,522 on the ground. That averaged out to 229 yards each way per game, which made the Bears pretty tough to beat.

It may be easier to beat Cal this year because Rivera and Muncie are both pros now. But—in a sense—so is Roth, at least in throwing a football. He again should drive defensive backs crazy with his long-range strikes to people like Wesley Walker, a 9.4 sprinter who topped the nation in yards per catch (23.3) and caught nine touchdown passes. Ed (Cowboy) Gillies will also help to replace Rivera, while a pair of straight-ahead brutes, Tom Newton and Paul Jones, will hammer away in place of Muncie. The defense is nothing to brag about—Cal's average score last year was 30–21—and only Linebacker Phil Heck made All-Conference. However, Coach Mike White has imported some monsters from the junior-college ranks to keep the seven returning starters company.

So, why isn't this team ranked higher? Mostly because of a schedule that has it opening on the road against Georgia, Oklahoma and Arizona State before the Golden Bears even get to USC and UCLA.

"It's hard for me to envision what they were thinking when they made this schedule up," says White, a go-get-'em type who graduated from Cal in '58, when the Bears won their last conference title. "But we should be one of the best prepared teams in the country, with five 750-play scrimmages last spring. We have some great trips to look forward to this fall. We're calling it our exhibition season. If nothing else, it will sure give Joe Roth his day in the sun."

CONFERENCES

BIG EIGHT

The Big Eight can make a good argument that it plays the best college football in the country. Four teams were in bowl games last season—national champion Oklahoma, Nebraska, Kansas and Colorado—and the fact that three of them lost only led Big Eight fans to say they had other teams at home that might have won. For instance, Missouri, which lost five games, four to other Big Eight schools, was the only team to beat Alabama, the Sugar Bowl victor. Kansas lost in the Sun Bowl but was the only team to beat Oklahoma, which beat Michigan in the Orange Bowl—and Kansas was beaten by Oklahoma State, another nonbowl Big Eight team. Oklahoma State beat Arkansas, the Southwest Conference co-champion and Cotton Bowl winner, but lost, on something of a fluke, to Nebraska and—to get back to the beginning—was soundly trounced by Missouri.

This madly competitive round robin (six Big Eight teams had winning records in 1975) got so intense last season that rookie Head Coach Bud Moore of Kansas tried bribing his players—with food. The good guys could eat steak and lobster in a private room. The less productive players had to push trays in the cafeteria. After the Jayhawks beat Oklahoma 23–3—the Sooners' first loss in 38 games and the first time in 103 games that they failed to score a touchdown—Moore was named Big Eight Coach of the Year.

Iowa State and Kansas State each lost one game outside the Big Eight, six and seven within it. Because of the ferocious company they keep, Iowa State and Kansas State are not considered to be among the nation's elite. Neither, for that matter, are Kansas, Missouri and Oklahoma State. But consider the performance of Kansas' Nolan Cromwell. Cromwell, who holds the Texas Relays 400-meter hurdles record, was shifted from defensive back to wishbone quarterback. In the first game he started at quarterback, he ran for 294 yards to break the Kansas single-game record set by Gale Sayers. He went on to lead the Big Eight in rushing with 1,124 yards and was offensive Player of the Year in a conference saturated with All-Americas.

Yet the best teams in the Big Eight are, as usual, Oklahoma and Nebraska, which tied for the league championship last year. Colorado, which missed joining them only because it lost to Oklahoma 21-20, is close behind. There is a feeling around the conference that Nebraska's veterans will take it all this year, but heavily senior teams like Nebraska's

sometimes go into curious declines. Oklahoma is, after all, defending national champion, and Colorado has its best squad in years. Round robin again. The only thing for certain is that three Big Eight teams are valid contenders for the Top Ten—and maybe more than that for the Top 20.

SOUTHEASTERN

Alabama visits South Bend and Athens this fall, yet when Bear Bryant assesses the Tide schedule he hems and haws less about Notre Dame or Georgia than about Mississippi. Mississippi? The Rebels rose quietly from a 3–8 record in 1974 and 1–4 early last year to sweep five straight from SEC foes. The defense had Mississippi looking like the Rebels of old, a bowl team from 1957 through 1971. Nine starting defenders return, as do Quarterback Tim Ellis and Running Backs Mike Sweet and James Storey, who together gained more than half of Mississippi's yardage. "They were the toughest team down here in November," Bryant says.

The Bear's comments have whetted the appetites of Georgia's Junkyard Dogs, the veteran defensive unit that feels it can wrest the SEC title from the Crimson Tide when Alabama makes a rare visit to Athens on Oct. 2. Seven defensive starters return plus Linebacker Sylvester Boler, a 6′ 3″ 235-pounder who was MVP in the 1973 Peach Bowl but ineligible last year. An offensive line that averages 243 pounds should keep Georgia's veer offense in good running order. Quarterback Ray Goff (474 yards) and Running Back Kevin McLee (806 yards, 10 TDs) are back, as is Flanker Gene Washington.

Mississippi State comes off its first back-to-back winning seasons since 1954 and 1955. Fourth-year Coach Bob Tyler is sitting pretty because 15 regulars return, among them Heisman candidate Walter Packer, already the school's leading ground-gainer (2,187 yards), and Clarence Harmon. Back, too, are Guard Harvey Hull and Ends Will Coltharp and Wally Cox.

With all its problems, Kentucky sank to the SEC cellar last year despite its strong defense. Now the problems seem to be solved and almost everybody that counts on defense is back. With Offensive Tackle Warren Bryant opening doorways to downfield, primarily for Fullback Rod Stewart, the Wildcats might climb high.

Perennial powers LSU and Auburn had losing seasons last year, but you can bet that won't happen again—at least not to both of them. Doug Barfield (*page 72*), replacing Shug Jordan at Auburn, inherited only one defensive lineman and a 4–4 defense that he has changed to a 5–2. LSU has the better chance of a winning season now that Texas A&M and Tennessee have been supplanted on the schedule by Utah and Oregon State. A. J. Duhe, the colorful Cajun, is one of the best tackles Baton Rouge has ever seen. Coach Fred Pancoast rebuilt Vanderbilt (7–4) well in his first year, but now he has to do it all over again. Sixteen starters are gone.

BIG TEN

Commissioner Wayne Duke fumes at gibes that his conference, which last year led the country in attendance with a 59,658-per-game average, is really the Big Two—Ohio State and Michigan. "The millennium would be a 10-way tie for first," says Duke, "but that's not the way life is. You've got the haves and the have-nots."

With that, he submits a piece of paper that shows other conferences are more Big Two than his Big Two. Sure enough, in the Big Eight, Oklahoma and Nebraska have won 14 titles since 1960, while Ohio State and Michigan have won only 10; USC and UCLA have won 12 Pac-8 titles, as have Texas and Arkansas in the Southwest.

Nonetheless, one of the Big Two will win the Big Ten again this year, because nobody else can challenge. Best of the rest could be Minnesota, led by its splendid quarterback, Tony Dungy, who topped the league in total offense and in passing last year. The defense is anchored in this Bicentennial year by George Washington, who last year led the Big Ten in tackles with 126. The offensive line needs help.

Illinois should finish fourth, but the team has a rep for letting folks down when hopes are high. A bad season could spell the end for Coach Bob Blackman, who in five years has won far fewer than half his games. One mainstay is Defensive Tackle John DeFelicantonio, who leads the league in longest name. Michigan State is on probation for recruiting violations, so TV viewers will not have an opportunity to see new Coach Darryl Rogers' passing game.

Heading the second division will be Purdue, which will have difficulty improving on last year's 4–7. The alums are anxious, if not yet mutinous, at Indiana, where Coach Lee Corso is 5–27–1 over three years. Northwestern won't ruin many Saturdays for its opponents and Iowa Coach Bob Commings is blowing smoke when he says seven or eight wins are possible. Wisconsin, which loses a lot and yet was fourth in the nation in home attendance last year, will lose and draw but not win much.

PACIFIC-8

UCLA's Terry Donahue, 32, one of four new coaches in the league, has a dangerous running back in Wendell Tyler and sweet memories of the Rose Bowl win over Ohio State (he was an assistant then), but it isn't likely that the Bruins will go to Pasadena again next Jan. 1. For one thing, four All-Pac-8 players are gone, including Quarterback John Sciarra. Also, the team across town, USC, is loaded. And two of the first four teams on UCLA's schedule are Arizona State at Tempe and Ohio State at Columbus. Donahue will keep Dick Vermeil's veer T, which will be operated by either of two quarterbacks: Jeff Dankworth, a fine runner, or Steve Bukich, sharp-passing son of ex-pro Rudy. Other likely stars besides Tyler are Receiver Wally Henry and the announcer's delight, Defensive Tackle Manu Tuiasosopo.

Stanford has a favorite son, too, in Defensive End Duncan McColl, whose father Bill was a star for Stanford and the Chicago Bears. McColl has good people on the line with him, but the linebacker corps was hit hard by graduation. The Cardinals' two fine quarterbacks, Guy Benjamin and Mike Cordova, have Flanker Tony Hill as a target in addition to James Lofton. "Offensively, this could be the best team we've had in some time," says Coach Jack Christiansen, now in his fifth year.

Oregon State hopes new Coach Craig Fertig (*page 72*) can pull off some small miracles in Corvallis, but it won't be easy. The offensive line must be rebuilt and Quarterback Kyle Grossart missed spring practice with a broken foot. Fertig calls Defensive End Dennis Boyd "one of the great all-around football players ever to play in the Pac-8." Oregon isn't deep,

continued

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SHULTON

but Coach Don Read claims the Ducks are "explosive," especially when Jack Henderson is throwing to Split End Greg Bauer. Washington is rebuilding around tanklike Fullback Robin Earl. Washington State is praying around new Coach Jackie Sherrill.

SOUTHWEST

Baylor and Texas Tech are the best after conference favorites Arkansas, Texas and Texas A&M. With eight starters back on offense and seven on defense, the Bears have experience and high hopes. Tailback Cleveland Franklin gained 1,112 yards, and Tight End Ronnie Lee was the best freshman in the league. The defense sparkles with Rover Ron Burns and Linebacker Tim Black. Baylor will surely improve its 3-6-2 record.

Tech has loads of offense but holes on defense. Alternating Quarterbacks Tommy Duniven and Rodney Allison complement each other with their passing and running. The veteran line, led by Guard Mike Sears, gives Tailback Larry Isaac and Fullback Jimmy Williams lots of running room.

The rest of the league seems destined for the second division, but at least there is plenty of enthusiasm down there, generated by new coaches at SMU (Ron Meyer, *page 72*) and Rice (Homer Rice), the debut of conference newcomer Houston and the absence of a losing streak at TCU.

Meyer has problems galore at SMU, among them only nine returning starters, but the worst defense in the conference can only get better, while the offense gets a face-lift, Meyer replacing the I with the wishbone. Rice's Rice hopes a positive thinking program can end the school's 12-season losing streak. He has not coached in seven years, since leaving Cincinnati to be athletic director at North Carolina, but his offensive flair helped make Cincinnati's Greg Cook the nation's leading passer. At Rice he has another fine quarterback prospect in Tommy Kramer.

Houston has loads of experience but not much talent. Tackles Val Belcher on offense and Wilson Whitley on defense are standouts, but a quarterback is needed desperately. TCU ended its season and its 20-game losing streak by beating Rice, and now the Horned Frogs, with Jimmy Elzner throwing to Mike Renfro, are thinking .500.

ATLANTIC COAST

Despite recent rumors to the contrary, ACC football is still out in the cold. After Maryland, the other six teams will spend the season falling all over each other to separate the 3–2s from the 2–3s in their five-game conference schedule. Thank Virginia, those fine gentlemen, for eliminating some of the confusion by promising another likely 0–5.

Duke could have shared the conference title with Maryland in 1975 if its games with North Carolina and N.C. State hadn't ended in ties. With Art Gore (674 yards in 1974) back from an injury, and option Quarterback Mike Dunn, the Blue Devils are a good bet to have a winning season.

Clemson's veer offense showed improvement late in the season, and Coach Red Parker has rebuilt his offensive line to help Running Backs Harold Goggins and Warren Ratchford. The little Baptist school, Wake Forest, has its own Polish army—John Zeglinski. Ziggy was the only man in the country to have 100-yard games in rushing, pass receiving, punt returns and kickoff returns.

Lou Holtz is gone to the Jets and 31-year-old Bo Rein has taken over at N.C. State. The Wolfpack had a winning record, but what else did Holtz leave Rein with? Ted Brown, who gained 913 yards as a freshman, and that's about it. North Carolina's Mike Voight rushed for 1,250 yards and was ACC Player of the Year. Coach Bill Dooley will be calling on Voight often, in hopes that Chapel Hill wolves will stop calling on Dooley. Their call goes: "Goodbye, Dooley, we hate to see you go."

WESTERN ATHLETIC

Brigham Young has the best chance to upset Arizona State or Arizona and win the WAC title. The reason is lanky Quarterback Gifford Nielsen, who took over midway through the 1975 season and completed 61.1% of his passes, a league record. Nielsen has good receivers, notably Jay Miller, the nation's best in 1973 but sidelined two seasons because of knee surgery. Coach LaVell Edwards, anxious to end BYU's string of slow starts, has a lot of work to do with his defensive backfield, although All-WAC Safety Dana Wilgar returns. The Cougars have a fine runner in senior Jeff Blanc, who already has more than 2,000 career yards.

Colorado State hopes it can gain in

standing the way Offensive Tackle Steve Cyphers gained weight. The team's most effective blocker has bulked up from 218 pounds to 251. Ron Harris led the team in rushing with 836 yards, but Coach Sark Arslanian misses lost Quarterback Mark Driscoll and Linebacker Kevin McLain.

New Mexico has lots of worries beyond having to play the two Arizonas, Texas Tech and San Diego State. The Lobos must replace Quarterback Steve Myer and All-America Placekicker Bob Berg. All-WAC Defensive End Robin Cole leads a pretty good defensive line (TEP 1–10 because of injuries and inexperience, figures to be improved, but 11 starters back from a last-place team doesn't mean much. Its stars should be Running Back Robert Elliott, an El Paso product and Linebacker Hal Barnett, a future architect who led the team on defense as a soph. Utah can argue it has the WAC's top quarterback (despite BYU's Nielsen) in Pat Degnan, a transfer from Air Force, who was seventh in the nation as a sophomore.

PACIFIC COAST A. A.

With San Diego State gone independent, the PCAA shapes up as a battle between Cal State Long Beach and San Jose State. When Coach Wayne Howard moved from UC Riverside to Long Beach in 1974, he took along a fine nose guard, Kise Fiatoa, who will join Linebacker Sam Tagaloa in a defensive wall seemingly made out of volcanic rock. There's a talented Polynesian on offense, too. Quarterback Joe Paopao (pronounced pow-pow) led the 49ers to a 9–2 record and passed for 1,652 yards. Fullback Mark Bailey was mostly a blocker last year, but Coach Howard promises Bailey is going to carry the ball more.

Long Beach meets San Jose on Oct. 16, and it should be quite a game. The Spartans' new coach, Lynn Stiles, likes what he has seen so far, especially two-time All-PCAA Defensive Tackle Wilson Faumuina. "He's a legitimate All-America from the word go," says Stiles. He also praises Running Back Rick Kane, who gained 1,174 yards and scored seven touchdowns, and Defensive Back Gerald Small, who had seven interceptions last year. Steve DeBerg is the likely quarterback, closely pressed by freshman Ed Luther.

Cal State Fullerton is an unknown quantity. It lost last year and stocked almost completely with newcomers. Fresno State has a new coach, Jim Sweeney. Pacific has practically all-new offensive and defensive lines and not much hope of upsetting the top two. It says it will throw more this season but has not settled on a quarterback.

IVY LEAGUE

Under a revamped schedule every Ivy team will begin the season with a league game. Yale opens on the road for the first time this century in a televised contest against Brown that could have significant bearing on the Ivy race. Coach Carmen Cozza's Elis have an outstanding quarterback in Stone Phillips, a solid group of runners headed by John Pagliaro and an offensive line with experience at every position. The Yale defense, however, is relying on reinforcements from the 1975 freshman team.

Brown graduated 13 starters, but Coach John Anderson contends that he has no serious weaknesses. The Bruins' multiple offense has some breakaway threats and an outstanding pass catcher in Bob Farnham, but Anderson has to find a replacement for graduated Quarterback Bob Bateman.

Waiting for the winner of the Yale-Brown opener will be Harvard, favored to take its third straight Ivy title. Roll-out Quarterback Jim Kubacki could be the nation's all-around yardage leader if he can get blocking from an offensive line decimated by graduation. With adequate blocking, Tommy Winn could join Harvard's all-time rushing leaders.

Dartmouth has been out of first place for two years now, and Coach Jake Crouthamel is feeling pressure from the alumni. As an assistant, Crouthamel put together championship defenses. He needs one now.

Pennsylvania will go to the air. Quarterback Bob Grausten completed 107 of 183 passes last year and twice had 22 completions in a game. Princeton has four quarterback candidates, but none has played a minute of varsity ball. Columbia won only two Ivy games but may improve. Cornell, 0–7 in league competition won't.

MISSOURI VALLEY

Tulsa, in a class by itself, beat conference opponents last year by an average score of 42–10, the year before by 33–10,

continued



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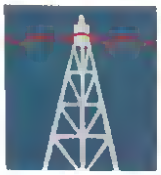


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Many TV programs are now transmitted with a special color reference signal called VIR. When the VIR signal is present, new sophisticated computer-type circuitry, in selected General Electric color models, uses this signal to automatically adjust the color and tint of the television picture: this means you won't have to fiddle with those color control settings; instead, this truly automatic VIR system makes the adjustments for you.

GE's Broadcast Controlled Color system consistently gives you color and tint automatically adjusted by the VIR signal from the broadcasters themselves.

General Electric's new Broadcast Controlled Color sets have a pilot light that indicates when the TV station is broadcasting the special VIR signal. (It's like the pilot light for stereo FM radio.) Your GE dealer can tell you the extent to which VIR is available in your area.

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GE Broadcast Controlled Color. Another reason why GE invites you to go into a store and compare our performance. See for yourself. Prove it to yourself. We think it's the smart way for you to decide which brand to buy.



WYM9358LP Genuine pine veneers, pine solids and simulated wood speaker grill.

WYM9352P'C Hardwood solids, veneers and simulated wood accents.

WYC7660WD High-impact plastic cabinet with simulated walnut grained finish.

performance TELEVISION

Simulated TV reception.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

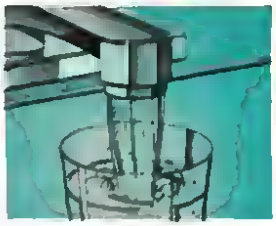
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Charcoal made the gas mask possible in World War I.

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But Tareyton scientists created a unique, two-part filter—a white tip on the outside, activated charcoal on the inside. Tar and nicotine are reduced... but the taste is actually improved by charcoal. Charcoal in Tareyton smooths and balances and improves the tobacco taste.



"...That's why us Tareyton smokers would rather fight than switch."

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But because the 1976 Golden Hurricanes are young and still about a season away, there is a little bit of hope among the downtrodden. Tulsa will be more inclined to run than to throw, partly because graduation claimed the MVC's leading passer, Jeb Blount, and the nation's top TD receiver, Steve Largent, partly because the running backs, including speedster Rickey Watts, are the best at Tulsa since the early '50s.

With 37 lettermen returning, New Mexico State could have its first winning season since 1967. An accurate placekicker—Skip Vernon missed only one field-goal attempt inside the 35 last year—and veteran blockers headed by two-time All-America Guard Carl Dean are the Aggies' strengths, but they lack an offensive threat.

Wichita State is relying on the strong arm of Sam Adkins, a 6′ 3″, 214-pound senior who was the MVC's No. 2 passer and total-offense performer. West Texas State hopes that its offense, which averaged 317.5 yards a game, will be able to control the ball well enough to allow an inexperienced defense to rest. How well the Buffaloes do depends on the restored right arm of senior Quarterback Tully Blanchard. Five muscles in Blanchard's right side just under his arm were severed in an automobile accident before his sophomore year, but he seemed to be approaching full strength again last year, even though he lacked experienced receivers.

At Drake, Quarterback Jeff Martin has completed 249 passes in three years, the top figure in the country, and this season gets protection from a line that averages 6′ 4″ and 242 pounds. Since the Bulldogs have little else going for them, Coach Jack Wallace is putting all his money on the offense. It won't pay off.

MID-AMERICAN

Anyone outside its area who can name all 10 members of the Mid-American Conference is a trivia nut. Even Conference Commissioner Fred Jacoby admits, "Our main problem is identity." That problem is being rectified by Miami of Ohio, a school rich in football heritage that likes to knock off the biggies and expects to win the MAC for a fourth straight time.

But Bowling Green will be in contention, and its game with Miami on Oct. 23 will demonstrate that great football isn't played only in Norman, Columbus and Tuscaloosa. BG Tailback Dave Preston, second in the nation in scoring last year, is back; so is Dan Saleet, a brilliant rusher and pass catcher, and most of a talented offensive line. Only defensive weakness, especially in the secondary, keeps BG behind Miami.

Central Michigan is third best, mostly because of Tailback Walt (Smoke) Hodges. The offensive line is weak and the defense may be, meaning Central has to worry only when it has the ball or the other team does. A plus this year is that the Chippewas don't play Miami—or Ball State, a tough opponent largely because of Art Yaroch, the league's best quarterback.

Ohio University has no proven quarterback to direct an uncertain offense. Northern Illinois has a new coach in Pat Culpepper, who is changing everything but the school colors and his own name. Toledo has lost quarterback Gene Swick, who was a big part of the offense during the last three years. Kent State lost everything except hope. Eastern Michigan's coach quit after spring practice, which isn't a hopeful sign. Western Michigan is too slow.

SOUTHERN

Secession is changing this once well-populated conference. Defending Champion Richmond has gone independent, and four other teams will withdraw after the 1976 season: William & Mary's natural rivals lie farther north and east; Davidson has been deemphasizing football; VMI does not wish to be the only Virginia school left in the SC; and East Carolina, a good-looking team, wants to follow in Richmond's steps—and go out a champion. ECU was 8–3 last fall, and the best of those Pirates are back, including Halfback Eddie Hicks, who gained 296 yards in only 24 carries, and Free Safety Jim Bolding, who led the nation in interceptions with 10.

Appalachian State, also 8–3, threatens ECU. Halfback Emmitt Hamilton and Quarterback Robby Price will again man the Mountaineers' wishbone. If State puts together a defense, it could have the conference all to itself—perhaps for years to come.

Furman and The Citadel are the other holdover members, but next year three new schools will join up—Marshall, Western Carolina and UT Chattanooga.

CONTINUED



INDEPENDENTS

Coach Hayden Fry, who wants North Texas State to attain enough status to allow the Mean Green to join the Southwest Conference, plays Texas early in the year. "We'll probably get whipped," he admits, "but you have to join 'em before you can beat 'em." Fry has changed just about everything at North Texas, including the team color, which is now apple green instead of Kelly green. But the status quo is more important; Fry has the top players back from the squad that upset Houston and Tennessee, including Nose Guard Walt Chapman, a 5′ 10″, 245-pounder, and Free Safety J. T. Smith, both All-America candidates. He also has Ken ("Don't call me Kenny") Washington, younger brother of Joe Washington, the former Oklahoma All-America, who is exciting whether running or throwing on the run from Fry's pro-set offense.

San Diego State no longer will be throwing on every down. Quarterback Craig Penrose, the nation's leading passer in 1975, is gone, and the Aztecs have no one of his caliber around. But they do have junior-college transfer David (Deacon) Turner, who rushed for 1,796 yards, or 480 yards more than the Aztecs' team-rushing total. The defense sounds fearsome, with a pair of starting linebackers named Travis Hitt and Whip Walton.

Boston College lost Quarterback Mike Kruczek, the NCAA alltime passing percentage leader; Placekicker Fred Steinfort, BC's alltime leading scorer; Fullback Keith Barnette, a 2,500-yard career rusher; and All-East Center Don Macek. Yet there is hope. The defensive unit, ninth in the nation, returns 18 of 22 players from its two-deep alignment. Glen Capriola, who rushed for 846 yards, and Split End Dave Zumbach, the Eagles' alltime leading pass receiver, are back, too. Rutgers' basketball team finished its regular schedule undefeated, and now there is talk of an undefeated season in football as well. The schedule helps. The only big-name opponents standing in the way are Navy and Tulane, both away. Virginia Tech improved in a year from 4–7 to 8–3 and has its stingy defense back almost intact. Roscoe Coles (1,045 yards) and Paul Adams (768 yards) are two superior wishbone runners.

Southern Mississippi is home again after playing 22 games on the road while its stadium was being renovated. But the Golden Eagles will be hard pressed to find another quarterback as talented as Jeff Bower and will need more than a home-field advantage to match last season's 7–4 record.

University of Miami fans have seen some great football—much of it by the opposition. The Hurricanes, 2–8 last season, were called the best losing team in the country after dropping tough games to Oklahoma, Nebraska, Colorado and Florida, all of which went on to bowls. This year's soft schedule includes such breathers as Colorado, Nebraska, Pitt, Penn State, Notre Dame and Florida. Most of the young 1975 team is back, including Tackle Eddie Edwards, a 250-pounder who runs the 40 in 4.6, but the Hurricanes still need a quarterback. A 6–5 season would be terrific, 7–4 would be sensational.

Quarterback is also the sticking point at South Carolina, which must come up with a replacement for Jeff Grantz if the Gamecocks hope to match their 7–4 record. The heir apparent is Ron Bass, who rushed for 211 yards against North Carolina in 1974 but has undergone four operations since. Kevin Long and Clarence Williams each gained 1,000 yards and 252-pound Guard Steve Courson is All-America material, but as Coach Jim Carlen says, "Quarterback is what it's all about. If we can keep Bass healthy. . ."

Georgia Tech Coach Pepper Rodgers says, "When people ask who's at quarterback, I say Chaos. I have three or four prospects and no quarterbacks." Halfback David Sims, who set the school rushing record two years ago and broke his leg last season, should help the Yellow Jackets through a tough schedule, on which Pittsburgh and Tennessee have replaced Florida State and the U. of Miami. "That's a good trade for the alumni," says Rodgers, "a poor one for the coach."

Cincinnati's schedule is about its toughest ever, and the Bearcats have lost 26 lettermen. "If we win three games, I should be Coach of the Year," says Tony Mason. Memphis State hopes to upset Mississippi in its opener and later on (Nov. 6) knock off Tennessee for the first time ever. Don't bet on it.

West Virginia will find it difficult to match its 9–3 season, which included a Peach Bowl win, because only eight starters return. A realistic appraisal of the Mountaineers' future may have helped persuade Coach Bobby Bowden to move on to Florida State, but the prospects are not bright there, either. It could be a 3–8 season for the Seminoles. A 3–8 record would mean steady improvement at Marshall, which won once in 1974 and twice in 1975. Nonetheless, the Thundering Herd, whose outstanding wide receiver, John (Fuzzy) Filliez, has caught 128 passes in his three years as a starter, hopes for a winning season.

Tulane has a new coach in Larry Smith, a none-too-tough schedule and a chance to go 8–3. But it could do worse if Quarterback Terry Looney is not fully recovered from knee surgery. Utah State lost Louie Giammona, the nation's leading all-purpose rusher, now playing for the New York Jets.

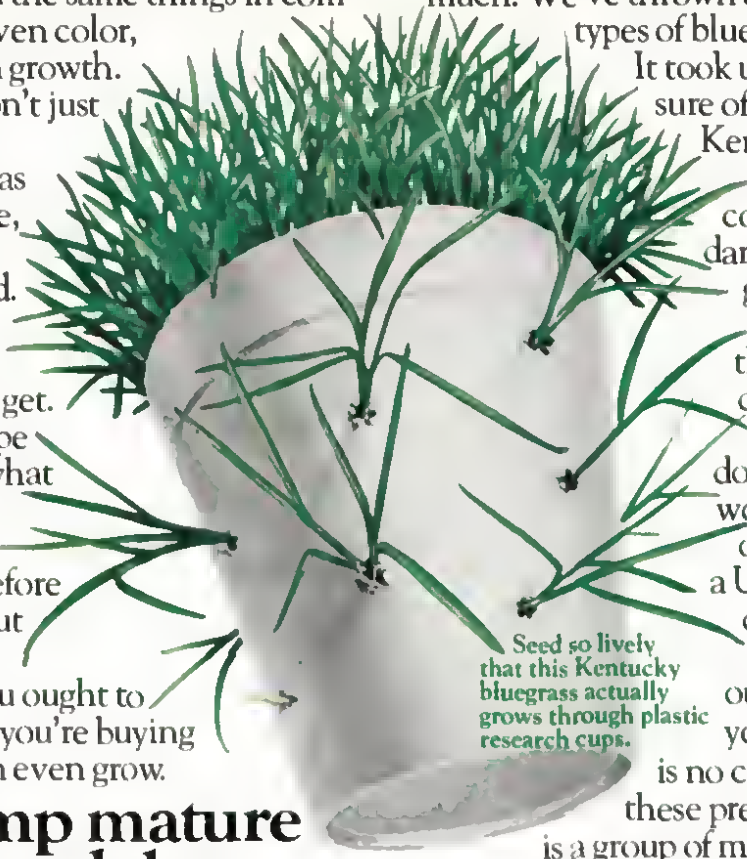
Syracuse, a lowly 2–9 in 1974, would have ended up the most improved team in the country in 1975 if it had won its season finale against Rutgers. But it failed and finished 6–5, good but still disappointing. Despite Placekicker Dave Jacobs, who booted a 58-yarder among his 14 field goals, the Orange should do no better this fall. Holy Cross is rebuilding again.

Temple, which won its final five games, has a strong running attack (201.8 yards per game). At Villanova, the Owls' Philadelphia rival, Coach Dick Bedesem has installed a new wishbone offense and persuaded a wishbone quarterback named Dick Bedesem Jr. to transfer—from Temple. It will be virtually impossible for Navy to improve its 7–4 record, the Midshipmen's first winning year since 1967 and its best since 1963. Navy graduated 28 of 42 lettermen. Even so, it should beat Air Force and Army (2–8–1 and 2–9 last year) to retain the Commander-in-Chief's Trophy.

CONTINUED

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Seed so lively that this Kentucky bluegrass actually grows through plastic research cups.

Plump mature grass seed that starts you off with a lawn with some fight to it.

Every seed harvest brings in both the little immature seeds and the older plump fellows. The immature seeds are too weak to be worth much except for filling up the box. So what we do at Scotts is separate the big ones from the small. You get plump lively seeds and that starts you off with a lawn with some fight to it.

Now for bluegrass. The word alone doesn't guarantee you very much. We've thrown out thousands of types of bluegrass.

It took us 12 years to be sure of Scotts® Victa Kentucky bluegrass. That it would all come up the same dark green. (All Victa grass plants are identical.) And that it would resist diseases from rust to leaf spot to dollar spot so it wouldn't up and die on you. We have a U.S. plant patent on Victa.

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We put our Victa bluegrass in four mixtures and none of them is cheap. But the lawn you get will be the lawn you want, and if you just do what it says on the box, it will get better and better.

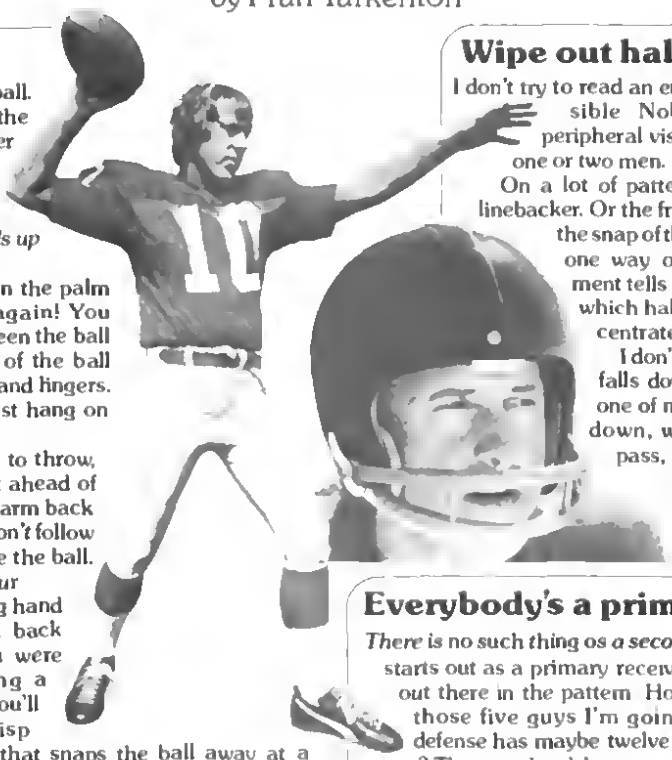
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HOW TO EARN YOUR STRIPES

by Fran Tarkenton



How to pass.

You've just thrown the ball. Is your thumb pointing at the sky? Wrong! You'll never throw a good pass that way. As you release the ball, *your hond should rotote so your thumb ends up pointing at the ground.*

Do you hold the ball in the palm of your hand? Wrong again! You should see daylight between the ball and your palm. Control of the ball comes from your thumb and fingers. (If your hand is small, just hang on the best way you can.)

As you cock your arm to throw, push your other arm out ahead of you. Then pull that other arm back strongly as you throw. *Don't* follow through after you release the ball.



Flick your throwing hand out and back like you were cracking a whip. You'll get a crisp release that snaps the ball away at a good velocity.

Wipe out half the field.

I don't try to read an entire coverage. It's impossible. Nobody's got that kind of peripheral vision. My system is to read one or two men.

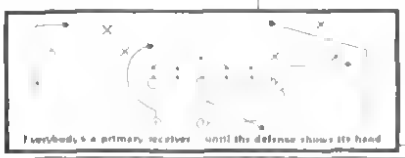
On a lot of patterns, I'll read the middle linebacker. Or the free safety. As soon as I get the snap of the ball, they're committed one way or the other. Their movement tells me where I'm going to go, which half of the field I should concentrate on.

I don't care if the defensive back falls down on the other side, and one of my guys is jumping up and down, waving for a touchdown pass, there's no way I'm going to see him. I've already wiped that half of the field out of my mind.

Everybody's a primary receiver.

There is no such thing as a secondary receiver. Everybody starts out as a primary receiver. I might have five guys out there in the pattern. How can I be sure which of those five guys I'm going to throw to when the defense has maybe twelve different coverages it can run? The way the delense revolves is what dictates who my receiver is going to be.

It takes study—and good coaching—for a quarterback to learn who are the one or two people to read on each pass pattern. Read the right men, and they'll tell you who your primary receiver is.



Everybody's a primary receiver...until the defense shows its hand.

I play for the fun of it.

I love to play football as much as anything in the world. Even after all these years. I could be making millions of dollars a year outside of football, and I'd still play.

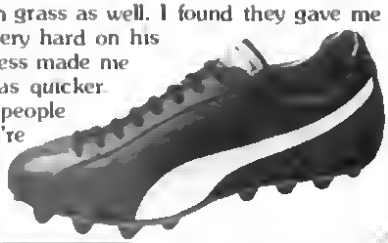
The most meaningful thing for me isn't winning this game or that championship. It's the struggle, the hope of getting to someplace. Sometimes you succeed, sometimes you don't. . . just like life. But you're using all the resources within yourself—combined with the resources of 42 other guys—to try and reach a goal.

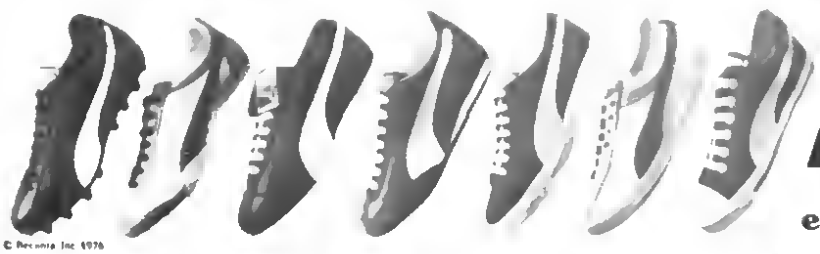
And that is the fun of football.

When you've earned your stripes.

One of the smartest things I ever did, back when I was in New York, was start wearing Puma®—the shoe with the big stripe on each side. Those little suction cups give me great traction...it's the best feel of any shoe I've ever worn on artificial turf. And I've experimented with them all.

Last year—my best year—I wore Puma on grass as well. I found they gave me the support I needed—a quarterback hits very hard on his back foot when he sets up. And their lightness made me quicker. Or at least it made me *think* I was quicker. Should *you* wear Puma? The way some people play, it's a lot of money to spend. But if you're good enough—if you've earned your stripes—a good shoe like Puma can make a difference in how you play.





PUMA

When you've earned your stripes.

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SMALL COLLEGES

And then there are the smalls. To urbanites, big-school alums and Saturday afternoon TV watchers, they are as confounding as a Chinese menu—a lot of A&Ms and A&Is that don't seem to mean much. But to folks around Lorman, Miss. and Kingsville, Texas and the National Football League they mean plenty. Nearly a third of the players drafted into the pros this year come from the so-called small colleges. And if you think every last soul in the state of Ohio worships King Woody's Buckeyes, you're wrong. Around Springfield, home of Wittenberg University, NCAA Division III champs two of the last three years, they think Griffin is a shoe polish. In the wilderness of Michigan's Upper Peninsula, they don't know from Tony Dorsett. Their man is Michigan Tech's Jim VanWagner, the winner of two Division II rushing titles, who has a chance to become the best runner in small-college history. Never heard of him? VanWagner doesn't care. "They respect me in Houghton and Hancock," he says, "and that's nice." That's the smalls.

This is also the smalls: a team that had gone 0–10 in 1974 went 13–1 in 1975 and won the Division II championship. In the big time, where only success can breed success, an 0–10 team can struggle for years before having a winning season. But Northern Michigan Coach Gil Krueger used eight freshmen in 1974 (his first year) to prepare for the turnaround. In 1975, the Wildcats lost only once in the regular season, then beat Western Kentucky 16–14 in the Camellia Bowl for the championship. Quarterback Steve Mariucci is back, along with Halfback Randy Awrey, who gained 627 yards after becoming a starter at midseason, and Wide Receiver Maurice Mitchell, who excited Green Bay Packers coaches last summer.

The only thing small about Grambling is its enrollment of 3,571. Besides having more of its people in pro football than any other school, the Tigers this year boast the nation's most exotic schedule. They will play in Tokyo (Morgan State), in Honolulu (Hawaii) and in three domed stadiums. The Tigers were 10–2 last year, but one of the losses was a result of the overzealous scheduling of little Prairie View and big Oregon State on the same day. Grambling chose to play Oregon State and won 19–12, taking a forfeit loss to Prairie View. Returning Quarterback Doug Williams threw 23 touchdowns, eclipsing Terry Bradshaw's Louisiana state record, and the defense is led by Cornerback Michael Harris (10 interceptions). Jet lag will be the main foe until the Tigers meet archrival Jackson State, which handed them their only legitimate 1975 loss.

Something very strange happened in Newark, Del. last year. The Blue Hens of Delaware failed to capture the Lambert Cup, symbolic of middle-sized college supremacy in the East, for the first time since 1967, and Coach Tubby Raymond's team turned in an embarrassing (for it) 8–3 record. In this "Blue-Hentennial Year" (cackle, cackle), Raymond has five experienced running backs led by Craig Carroll, and a seasoned line, but must replace Quarterback Bill Zwaan and Fullback Nate Beasley. Likely candidates are Ben Belicic and Greg Terry, respectively. A schedule that includes six Division I teams is the Hens' toughest ever. Two other teams to watch are Lehigh and South Carolina State, with 19 starters back from the nation's best defensive team (2.9 points per game).

Tennessee Tech went 6–1 in the Ohio Valley Conference last year, but the "1" was Western Kentucky, which went to the Division II finals while Tech stayed home. A reversal may be in order. OVC Coach of the Year Don Wade lost only one starter from his offense, and All-OVC Quarterback Gary Perdue returns to run it. Offensive Tackle Ed Burns (6′ 5″, 240) will be starting for the fourth year.

Livingston (Ala.) University was second in the Gulf South Conference but was invited to the Division II playoffs ahead of champion Nicholls State ("They hate us for that," says Coach Jim King). In the first round at Grand Forks, N. Dak. most of the Livingston players saw something new—snow—and they must have liked it, for they beat North Dakota. Quarterbacks Ricky Seale and Willie Slater will take turns running the Tigers' no-huddle offense, which stars Halfback Jackie O'Neal. The defense is anchored by Tackle Perry Scoggins, who left Livingston in 1973, played two years at Auburn and returned, and All-America Safety Stanley King. North Dakota, with All-America Fullback Bill Deutsch, should be in contention again.

In the NAIA, Texas A&I may be the surest bet in college football. The Javelinas, led by Quarterback Rich Ritchie and Running Back Larry Collins (over 1,000 yards in each of his two years), take a 26-game winning streak into 1976. If there is a spoiler it will be Alcorn State, Henderson State or Jackson State. Alcorn's defense allowed only 15.9 yards a game on the ground, yet lost three games. The front four goes 260, 280, 236 and 286, and the secondary returns intact. Henderson has 16 starters from a 12–1 team; Tailbacks Joe Smith and Curtis Jones each has a 1,000-yard rushing season. Jackson State, with four superior runners (best is Ricky Patton), could beat Alcorn in the brutal Southwest Athletic Conference.

In NCAA Division III, the smallest of the smalls, coaches quake at the mention of that Ohio powerhouse, Wittenberg. Dave Maurer, who has the best winning percentage among the nation's college coaches, won his second national title last year with a 28–0 defeat of Ithaca, and the Tigers had their 21st consecutive winning season, best among all colleges. There are Division III contenders all over: Millsaps, Colorado College, Williams and Widener are but a few. Such is the beauty of the smalls. Like Wittenberg, they can get big mighty fast.

CONTINUED

THE STAFF

The scouting reports on the Top 20 teams, the conferences, the independents and the small colleges were prepared by Joe Jares, Edwin Shrake, Larry Keith, Douglas S. Looney, Joe Marshall, Kent Hannon, Mike Del-Nagro and John Papanek.

SING A SONG FOR ALMA MATER

Familiarity is supposed to breed contempt, but that old saw does not hold true for college songs. Saturday after Saturday the marching bands blare out the nostalgic strains, and in the stands undergraduates, alumni and just plain friends belt out the lyrics ("March On! Fight! Cheer! Hail! Victory!") and feel their backbones tingle. It's hard to be a cynic when they play the old school song, hard not to believe that down on the field the heroes are feeling the excitement and rising to the occasion. Here and on the following pages are some of the best songs and, on page 65, a story about composers of college tunes—most notably, Cole Porter, Yale '13.

MICHIGAN: THE VICTORS

Hail! to the victors valiant
Hail! to the conquering heroes
Hail! Hail to Michigan, tha leadars and best—
Hail! to the victors valiant
Hail! to the conquering heroes,
Hail! Hail! to Michigan, the champions of tha West.


UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

UCLA: SONS OF WESTWOOD

We are sons of Westwood,
And we hail the Blue and Gold;
True to thee our haarts will be,
Our love will not grow old.
Bruins roam the hills of Westwood,
By the blue Pacific shore,
And when they chance to see a man from USC,
Every Bruin starts to roar

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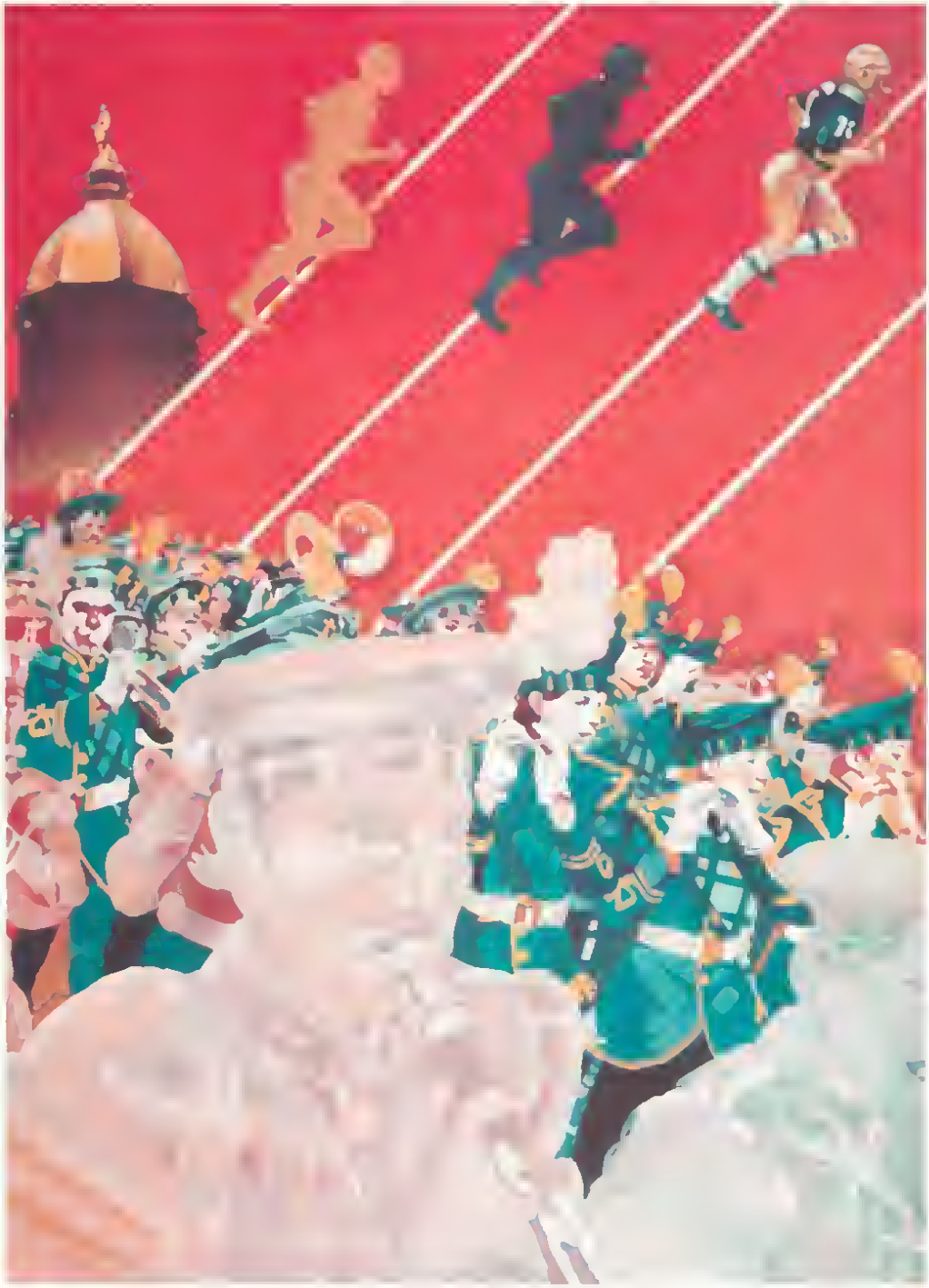
USC: FIGHT ON

Fight On for old S.C.
Our man Fight On to victory.
Our Alma Mater dear, looks up to you.
Fight On and win for old S.C.,
Fight On to victory, Fight On!
Fight! Fight On!

© 1956 Sweet Music Inc







NOTRE DAME: VICTORY MARCH

Cheer, cheer for old Notre Dame
Wake up the echoes cheering her name,
Send a volley cheer on high,
Shake down the thunder from the sky.
What though the odds be great or small?
Old Notre Dame will win over all,
While her loyal sons are marching
Onward to victory.

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YALE

BULL DOG! BULL DOG!

by **ROBERT CANTWELL**

The most intoxicating form of musical enterprise may well be writing a popular college song. An undergraduate who produces one rarely gets over it and spends the rest of his life trying—and failing—to compose another hit. Caleb O'Connor, who wrote *Down the Field* for Yale in 1904, followed it with 200 others (none now remembered); Thornton Allen, who in 1910 wrote one of the best, *Washington and Lee Swing*, set up a music publishing house while still a college boy, and thereafter wrote and published college songs (*March On, Cincinnati* and the like) for virtually every institution of higher learning big enough to have a marching band without duplicating his early success.

The single exception among campus composers was Cole Porter, who after turning out two good football tunes at Yale went on to true celebrity as a writer of popular songs and musical comedies. His continuing interest in collegiate themes was often reflected in his deft lyrics:

Though othar dames
At football gemes
May long for a strong undergraddy
I naver dream
Of making the team
Cause my haart belongs to Daddy

Porter was exceptional in everything having to do with music. His first published song, *The Bobolink Waltz*, appeared when he was 11. He was putting in his usual two hours of piano practice at home in Peru, Ind. and stopped to listen to a bird on the picket fence outside the parlor window. He tried to capture the music in what he described as "a burbuling item." One story is that his mother paid $100 to have it published. The other is that a music publisher in Chicago brought it out not knowing it was a child's creation. In either case, the composition is a good example of the way Porter worked. Anything around him was likely to pop into his songs—jokes, catch phrases, games, advertisements—adapted instantaneously, without concern for lofty or traditional usage. In college he was like a musical photographer taking a succession of snapshots.

My medulla oblongata
Has an awful lot of data

Porter enrolled at Yale in 1909 at 18 (though for some reason he said he was only 16) and became a campus hero as a sophomore with *Bingo, Eli Yale*. The *Yale Daily News* had sponsored a competition for a new football song (*Down the Field* referred to the great Tackle Jim Hogan, who had since graduated), and Porter's contribution was outstanding in its avoidance of verse that could become dated. The song also was decidedly easy to memorize:

Bingo! Bingo!
Bingo! Bingo! Bingo!
That's the lingo

Introduced near the end of Yale's undistinguished 1910 football season, *Bingo* became an instant campus favorite when it was sung at baseball games the following spring. It was even published by Remick, the leading New York sheet-music company. In 1911 another songwriting competition was held on campus, and this time Porter came up with a more professional effort. This was *Bull Dog*, which was in the enduring Yale musical tradition:

Bull Dog! Bull Dog!
Bow wow wow!
Eli Yale!
Bull Dog! Bull Dog!
Bow wow wow!
Our taam can navar fail

By this time Porter was known beyond college circles as an accomplished entertainer, songwriter, pianist, parodist and

continued

My Heart Belongs to Daddy © 1938 by Chappell & Co. Inc.

Bull Dog © 1971 John F. Wharton as trustee

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wit. On campus he was sought out by Gerald Murphy, famous in the 1920s as a leader of the American expatriate colony in Paris, who wanted Porter to join Delta Kappa Epsilon fraternity (he did). He toured with the Yale Glee Club, recollecting later:

> *The beer is cooler*
> *In Ashtabula*
> *The drinks in Dayton*
> *More stimulatin'* . . .

He haunted the New York theaters, at the expense of such courses as History 1A (which he failed) and wrote *Longing for Dear Old Broadway*:

> *Gee what a place to waste a day in*
> *Gee what a place to fade away in* .

When *Bull Dog* began to be belted out at pep rallies, the New Haven *Register* devoted half a page to Porter and his works.

Though he would write some 1,500 other songs and enjoy a lifetime of hits, beginning with *Old-Fashioned Garden* and continuing through *Night and Day*, *I've Got You Under My Skin*, *Begin the Beguine*, *My Heart Belongs to Daddy*, *C'est Magnifique* to *True Love* from *High Society*, Porter retained an indulgent affection for his football fight songs. He liked to reflect that they were "still sung lustily by the old grads." He recalled that *Bull Dog* was pirated by a music publisher who gave him due credit but never paid him a penny in royalties. Because his grandfather had accumulated several million dollars worth of farmlands and coal mines, which Porter stood to inherit, the money was not a concern. But from then on he displayed the instincts of a professional musician, with the professional's proper regard for his own worth.

In only one respect did Porter fail to outshine the other college songwriters. *Washington and Lee Swing*, *The Maine Stein Song*, *On, Wisconsin*, *Rambling Wreck from Georgia Tech*, *Anchor's Aweigh*, *The Notre Dame Victory March* moved beyond college circles and were sung or danced to everywhere; Porter's college compositions never were. They just weren't simple enough. The ideal college song came from some stirring victory, uncomplicated by concerns that the lyrics might be sentimental

Michael Shea, who wrote the music for *The Notre Dame Victory March*, said the tune had been running through his head for days before he had any reason to write it down. Then the stunning defeat in 1908 of the unbeaten Notre Dame team by Michigan made him feel a fight song was essential. His brother John put words to Michael's unwritten tune:

> *Cheer, cheer for old Notre Dame*
> *Wake up the echoes cheering her name ...*

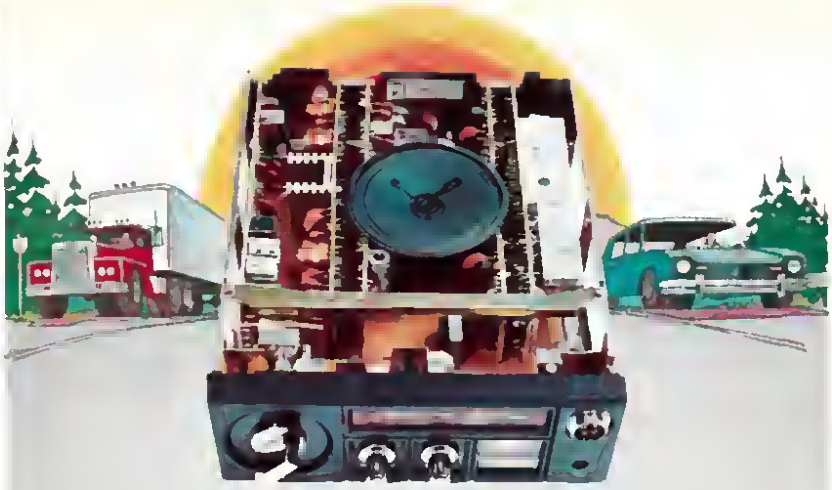
Then the brothers set out to find a piano on which to try out their composition. The only piano around was in use, so they played the tune on a church organ.

Michigan's *The Victors* originated in similar fashion. It was Thanksgiving Day 1898, with a conference title at stake, Chicago leading 11-6 and the ball on the Michigan 35-yard line. The game was all but over. Suddenly a Michigan halfback of little renown named Charles Widman sprinted 65 yards for a touchdown, with pursuers just inches behind. In the stands was a Michigan music student named Louis Elbel, whose moment of greatness also had come. He joined the victory snake dance, but his mind was on words to celebrate the victory, simple words:

> *Hail! to the victors valiant*
> *Hail! to the conquering heroes*
> *Hail! Hail to Michigan. ...*

"That team and that game pushed me up to the clouds," he said. "All I had to do was fill in the notes, and there was *The Victors*."

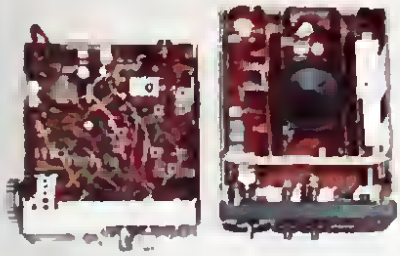
Perhaps it is understandable that the composers of college songs have been so limited. Other songwriters hear their music sung in concerts, played by orchestras, danced to—for a while—but the composer of a good college song has created something that endures, year after year, generation after generation. His work is the one that comes to mind in the decades after graduation; he has written music to be sung by thousands of uplifted youngsters as the shadows steal over the campus and the crowds trail away from the stadium. "Hail to our Poly! Great is thy name," in the words of the Polytechnic Institute of New York *Marching Song*. Cole Porter could never take things seriously enough to accomplish anything like that. END



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MERIT

Two who suit K.C. to a tee

WITH MARK LITTELL AND STEVE MINGORI, THE ROYALS GET DOUBLE THE RELIEF

There was another gripping drama in Kansas City in mid-August. A few miles from the din of the Republican Convention, the Royals were quietly striving to keep their lead in the American League West. They had lost starters Steve Busby and Paul Splittorff with injuries, and their nine-game margin over the A's, who were coming on at a .750 clip, seemed anything but secure. At the end of last week, however, the Royals were still nine games ahead, and now time is running out for Oakland. Kansas City owes its solid lead not so much to its celebrated swingers—Royal hitters lead the league with a .273 team average—and starters as to a couple of once-obscure relief pitchers who have been as much in demand in K.C. as were uncommitted G.O.P. delegates.

Mark Littell (7–3, 15 saves, 1.74 ERA) and Steve Mingori (3–4, 10 saves, 2.19 ERA) have had a win or a save in nearly half the Royals' 78 victories and have allowed righthander Marty Pattin to return to the undermanned starting rotation. Last week Littell had three saves and combined with Mingori to pitch seven innings of four-hit relief in a 7–6, 15-inning defeat of Boston that put Kansas City's lead back up to nine games.

The right-handed Littell, 23, was the last pitcher to make the Royals this spring, but has improved his fastball and slider so much that he is averaging nearly a strikeout an inning. The left-handed Mingori, 32, seemed washed up in spring training after six big-league seasons; then he picked up a knuckle-curve to complement his screwball and has had hitters poking weak grounders ever since.

The two are near perfect at foiling the opposition—and are ideal foils for each other. Littell, who comes from Gideon, Mo., approaches the mound to the tune of *Country Boy* over the Royals Stadium loudspeaker. Kansas City-born Mingori, an engaging cosmopolite, has been called Sonny Bono by his teammates ever since a midseason hair transplant made him a look-alike for the TV star.

Even though no other team has a one-two punch to match Littell and Mingori, this has been a vintage year for relievers. Sparky Lyle of the Yankees, Rawly Eastwick of the Reds and Gene Garber and Tug McGraw of the Phillies have contributed mightily to their teams' first-place records. And the winning-percentage leaders in both leagues are relievers—Butch Metzger (10–1) of San Diego and Bill Campbell (13–3) of Minnesota. Campbell could conceivably break Elroy Face's major league record of 18 wins in a season by a relief pitcher.

That kind of work deserves special recognition. Accordingly, baseball has introduced a Rolaids Relief Man award to be presented annually to the leading reliever on each team and in each league. It's a promotional gimmick, to be sure, but no one can dispute its appropriateness for this season. In Kansas City, at least, relief is spelled P-E-N-N-A-N-T.

THE WEEK

(Aug. 22-28)

AL EAST Having all but wrapped up the division, New York (5–1) set about finding new ways to entertain its faithful. Trailing California 8–0 in the ninth, the Yankees tied the score only to lose 11–8 in 11 innings. They rebounded to beat Minnesota 5–4 in 19 and California 5–0 in 15. If the first marathon had the most excitement, the second had the most intriguing baseball. New York's Willie Randolph set a league record of 20 chances accepted (seven putouts, 13 assists) by a second baseman; Yankee Dick Tidrow threw 10⅔ innings of four-hit relief, and Minnesota Manager Gene Mauch made two thought-provoking strategic moves. With Thurman Munson on third, Sandy Alomar on first and no one out in the 15th, Mauch removed his centerfielder and inserted Luis Gomez in the infield, putting three fielders between first and second against left-handed-hitting Carlos May. The move paid off when relocated Second Baseman Jerry Terrell knocked down May's smash and threw out Munson at the plate. The next batter, Graig Nettles, ended the inning by grounding into a double play. But with a man on second in the 19th, Mauch had Centerfielder Steve Brye play shallow against Mickey Rivers. Rivers lined a shot just out of Brye's reach to win the game for New York.

Baltimore (4–3) maintained its hold on second place when the league's top winner, Jim Palmer, earned his 17th and 18th victories, the first of them coming on Reggie Jackson's third grand slam in four months as an Oriole. Palmer could have plenty of company in the 20-victory circle, however, because Mark Fidrych of Detroit (3–3), Bill Travers of Milwaukee (4–2) and Luis Tiant of Boston (3–4) each won his 15th.

It was a topsy-turvy week for their teams though. The Tigers committed six errors while losing 12–7 to the White Sox, prompting Manager Ralph Houk to blame the ground crew. Milwaukee Pitcher Danny Frisella blew a ninth inning lead—and eventually the game—to Kansas City by walking the bottom three men in the batting order. "That's the first time I've done that since I came to the big leagues," he moaned. "I guess you can't do it every time. That's why people on bomb squads don't live long." Boston's Carl Yastrzemski went 4 for 5 on his 37th birthday. Ted Williams made a rare Fenway Park appearance and Bill Lee won his first start in a year. So far, so good. But this was the same week that Tiant complained because reporters questioned his stated age (35), Fred Lynn cost Boston a game by running through a stop sign at third and Ferguson Jenkins told the Boston *Globe* that the Red Sox were a "team of disunity." One reason for Jenkins' complaint: he had not received any invitations to dine at teammates' homes. The next day Jenkins' fellow Sox greeted him with calls of "Cocktails at six, dinner at eight."

Cleveland (5–1) stopped hosting a summer slumber party when Pat Dobson and Jackie Brown won their first games since July 16 and June 29, respectively. Unfortunately, Indian fans have gone to sleep. In order to draw 1 million this year, Cleveland is thinking of staging a pregame tennis match between Bobby Riggs and Renee Richards.

NY 77–48 BALT 66–60 CLEV 64–63
DET 61–66 BOST 60–67 MIL 57–66

AL WEST While his crippled team continued its pursuit of Kansas City, Oakland (4–2) Manager Chuck Tanner said, "We should replace the Bicentennial symbol on our sleeves with the Red Cross emblem." Later in the week he varied his metaphor, saying, "They've tried to count us out lots of times, but they haven't reached 10 yet. We keep coming off the floor and coming back at them." The best fighter was plainly Pitcher Vida Blue (*see box*) who won twice, then announced, "We're going to court to break my three-year contract."

Minnesota (1–5) pinch hitter Tony Oliva,

continued

"What do you call a Pussycat made without Early Times?"



"A dog!"

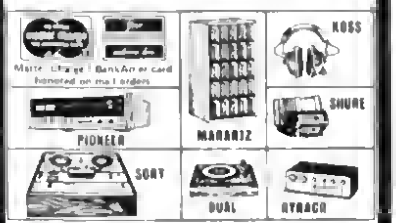


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playing perhaps his last season, received a standing ovation when he came to bat at Yankee Stadium. The three-time batting champion promptly gave his admirers even more to cheer about by homering. Meanwhile, Texas fans were speechless. The Rangers lost six straight, including three to Milwaukee, their prime (2–10) tormentors of this lost season. The big frustration for California (2–4) was Frank Tanana's 13-strikeout, 13-inning masterpiece. It was all for naught, as the Angels lost in 15.

Chicago (3–4) rookie Ken Kravec was impressive in winning his first major league game when he set down the Brewers 5–2, but his strongest impression was of facing Henry Aaron for the first time. "When he came up I thought uh oh, here he is, 750 of them. But after he popped up, I didn't think of him anymore as Henry Aaron, the Man." Later, when Aaron singled to drive in a run, Kravec had second thoughts about him.

KC 7–8 50 OAK 69–59 MINN 62–67
TEX 58–70 CHI 56–73 CAL 55–74

NL EAST

As Philadelphia wondered how to keep Joe Morgan off the bases in the coming playoffs (*page 20*), all-but-eliminated Pittsburgh (4–2) looked to the past. "Our record is about the same as last year, when we were in first by 3½ games," said Pitcher Bruce Kison. Then he reached back even further, using a changeup he learned from 1971 World Series hero Steve Blass, to stop San Diego 3–0 on five hits.

St. Louis (3–2) was planning for the future. Shortstop Garry Templeton, youngest player in the National League at 20, was being compared to Henry Aaron and Maury Wills for his hitting and base running, and another rookie, First Baseman Keith Hernandez, who went 8 for 20, has raised his average from .187 to .266 since July. "I wish it was next April already," he said.

Tom Seaver of New York (3–2) beat San Francisco 4–0 for his first win since July 8. Jon Matlack won twice and Dave Kingman, still tied for the big-league home-run lead despite missing 35 games, played for the first time since suffering torn ligaments in his left thumb on July 19. And, for a change, Pitcher Mickey Lolich left a game before the Mets could lose it for him. With the score 1–1 in the fourth, Lolich retired because he was hyperventilating. New York kicked away the game to the Giants 7–1.

Chicago managed a 3–3 week when Jerry Morales hit two homers and drove in seven runs in a pair of victories over Atlanta. Looking more and more like the 1962 Mets, Montreal (1–5) extended its latest losing streak to 12 before beating San Diego 7–4.

PHIL 83–44 PITT 70–57 NY 65–63
CHI 59–71 ST.L 55–68 MONT 42–80

NL WEST On Aug. 27 the Dodgers won their 17th game of the month—equaling the most victories they have had in August since they moved West—by beating New York 5–2. Los Angeles (4–2) also got an early 16th win from Don Sutton, who has averaged 18 victories the past five years without ever winning 20. Steve Yeager had the game-winning hit, a two-run double off Jerry Koosman. The team's 10th win in its last 11 games may have taken the heat off Manager Walter Alston, who has had more than his share of detractors of late. Earlier in the week Alston referred to one of his critics, Alan Malamud of the *Los Angeles Herald-Examiner*, as "an overstuffed pig." Malamud had suggested firing Alston after this season.

Matters were scarcely more congenial in San Francisco (2–3). After he was yanked for giving up a two-run homer, Pitcher John Montefusco told the press that Manager Bill Rigney and his teammates were "losers" and that he wanted to be traded. "He's an emotional young man," replied Rigney, "but if he was ticked off for being pulled, I was ticked off when he gave up that homer." Montefusco later relented—at least in his criticism of his teammates—and Giant Owner Bob Lurie tried to smooth things over, suggesting the last-place Giants could still finish third. But when Montefusco continued to take heat from the fans, Lurie fined him $500.

Padre Randy Jones won his 20th game on his third try, just as he did in 1975, when he finished at 20–12. Jones, who has nine losses, beat Montreal 2–0 on six hits. "I had been keeping too many things inside of me instead of saying what I felt," Jones said. "I feel I'm the best pitcher in baseball, so why not say it?" If he had wanted to be even more candid, Jones might also have blamed the Padres (3–3)—who have been shut out 19 times this year—for some of his losses.

Houston, which had dropped 16 of 23 games while Reliever Ken Forsch was injured, won four of six the week he returned. In one of the victories, Forsch earned a save in relief of J. R. Richard, who got his 15th win. The only optimist in Atlanta (1–5) was 37-year-old Pitcher Phil Niekro, who ought to know better. After beating the Phils 5–1, Niekro said, "We still can finish third. Second isn't out of the question."

CIN 82–48 LA 72–56 HOUS 64–68
SD 63–68 ATL 58–72 SF 56–74

PLAYER OF THE WEEK

VIDA BLUE: The A's lefty won twice, setting down Baltimore 3–0 and no-hitting the Tigers for 8⅓ innings while winning 5–2. Blue, 13–11, has completed six straight games and has a 1.58 ERA during his last 97 innings.



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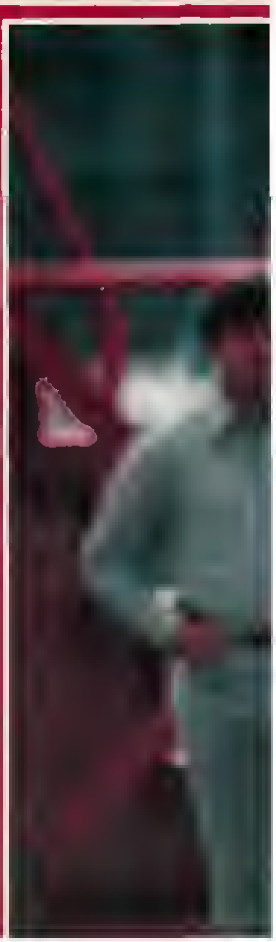


Craig Fertig, Oregon State



NEW BOYS ON THE BLOCK

From the day he's hired, a college football coach has two things in common with his predecessor—a belief he can do the job, a good chance he won't. Meet four fresh optimists **by JOHN UNDERWOOD**







John David Crow, Northeast Louisiana



CONTINUED



Ron Meyer, Southern Methodist

NEW BOYS *continued*

Most head football coaches do not die on the job, except in the gradual sense, defeat by withering defeat. Neither do they usually retire, clutching an engraved watch and mumbling banalities to a wet-eyed audience at the downtown Ramada Inn. The vast majority do not even get the chance to withdraw from the job into a warm, safe athletic directorship. For every one who does, there are a hundred who wind up selling real estate. Starting out, a new head coach has two things in common with the head coach he has replaced: 1) an absolute belief that he can do the job, no matter how grave the odds (coaches laugh at odds; coaches are not realistic); and 2) the very good chance that he will not—and will get fired. In other words, it is a helluva way to make a living.

Here, then, is Craig Fertig. Age 34. Southern California-bred. Bright. Articulate. Been around. Hobnobbed in school with people named Frank Sinatra Jr. Quarterbacked USC to a national championship in 1962. Starred in the Rose Bowl. Learned coaching and stand-up comedy at the knee of John McKay. Went over the wall with Tony Curtis (*Spartacus*), walked Vivien Leigh's dog (*Ship of Fools*) and taught Charlton Heston everything he knows about quarterbacking (*Number One*) as a card-carrying member of the Screen Actors Guild. Fertig means "ready" in the German of his father (his mother is Irish).

So, what is Craig Fertig about to do this fall? Why, to head-coach the Oregon State football team. Corvallis is his new town, that onetime Prohibition stronghold where the Elks Club is still big and everybody plays cards at the country club on Wednesday night, and where the citizenry doesn't mind if you visit as long as you don't try to live there. Oregon State has won one conference championship (in 1964) since the Pacific Eight was founded and hasn't been to the Rose Bowl in 11 years. It was locked out last year by having the bad luck to lose 10 of its 11 games. Say hello to the head coaching business, Craig Fertig.

Here, too, is Ron Meyer. Age 35. Handsome, outgoing and independently poor. But on his way, it would seem, to being rich. An Eagle Scout. A walk-on football player who made good at Purdue, where he was a *rara avis*: his grades were better than his football. Won the Big Ten Medal of Honor for scholarship and, eventually, a master's degree in history. Did time as an assistant coach at Purdue, was a scout for the Dallas Cowboys and served three years as a small-college coach in that hotbed of athletic fulfillment, Las Vegas. At Las Vegas, he was instructed not to make long distance





Doug Barfield, Auburn

calls without clearing them with the president's office. Meyer studied military history; he believes in predestination. He does not think it inconceivable that he will be Coach of the Year someday.

What Meyer is the coach of this year is the Southern Methodist University football team in Dallas. SMU won a national championship in 1935 and later gave the world Doak Walker, Kyle Rote and casts of thousands in the Cotton Bowl on Saturday afternoons, 1947–50. SMU has lived off those glories ever since, as if in a protracted opium dream, and fired coaches who did not bring them back. The latest, Dave Smith, lasted three years and was "let go" last January. Attendance at the Cotton Bowl got so bad the SMU publicity department quit putting the figures in the press book. The Mustangs were playing in the shadow of the professional Cowboys and, worse, in the leg-irons of an NCAA probation for having the brass to pay their players. The week Ron Meyer was signed to be the 11th SMU coach, the NCAA extended the probation until 1977. Step right up to the big time, Ron Meyer.

And here is Douglas N. Barfield. Age 40. Made it to middle age a teetotaler. Soft brown eyes, jug-handle ears, a self-deprecating manner. Barfield describes himself over the chicken and peas at banquets as a "warm speaker." Asked what he means by a warm speaker, Barfield says, "Not so hot." Barfield's next-door neighbor and closest friend growing up in Grove Hill, Ala. (pop. 1,825) was David Mathews. David became president of the University of Alabama and Secretary of the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare. Barfield became a 160-pound quarterback at Mississippi Southern ("Auburn told me I was too small; they were probably right"), a high school coach for eight years ("I learned to line the field on Friday afternoons") and an assistant coach at Mississippi Southern, Clemson and—finally—Auburn.

The only head-coaching job Doug Barfield ever applied for was at West Point in 1974. He did not get the job but said he did not expect to. "What would they do at West Point with a slow-talking Southern boy?" The opportunity of becoming a head coach had apparently passed when he was suddenly faced with the offer to succeed Ralph (Shug) Jordan, the resident legend at Auburn—25 years on the job, national and conference championships, bowl games, etc. Everybody who knew anything about coaching told Barfield what a fool he would be to follow a legend. "What you want," he was advised, time and time again, "is to be the coach who follows the coach who follows the legend." Barfield listened to the good advice—and accepted the job. Last fall, as a lame duck, Jordan had his worst season in 23 years: 3–6–2. Auburn football watchers said the

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talent he left behind was "the leanest in years." Take it away, Coach Barfield.

And here, finally, is John David Crow. At 41, the best known of the four. Big, blond, rugged good looks only slightly impaired by a paralysis (from childhood) of the left side of his face. Robert Mitchum should have grown up to look like John David Crow. Louisiana-born and bred. Was an All-America and won the Heisman Trophy at Texas A&M under the young Bear Bryant, who said watching Crow on the football field was like watching a grown man play with children. A 1,000-yard rusher in pro football and an All-Pro with the Cardinals and 49ers. "The shiftiest big man" Otto Graham ever saw. Quit to be an assistant coach at Alabama, to catch Bryant's act from the other side ("I don't want Coach Bryant's job," said Crow, "I just want one like it") Back to assist at Cleveland and San Diego, getting the pros out of his system.

Bryant once singled out John David Crow as one of the few men he would unqualifiedly endorse for any job. Crow's job as the first Heisman winner to become a head coach will be to keep the people of Monroe, La. from expecting him to take Northeast Louisiana University to the Orange Bowl this fall. Northeast hired Crow as athletic director and head coach, a bargain at $27,500 a year. With an athletic budget that would compare favorably with, say, McNeese State's, and a little old 8,340-seat stadium, Northeast climbed—tentatively—into Division I of the NCAA last fall, winning four games. Now, with Crow, it has raised its sights further. Monroe can scarcely believe its good fortune. "What do we call you?" new admirers ask Crow. "My mother always called me John David," Crow answers. "Well, I want you to know, John David, that I never told an Aggie joke in my life." Welcome home, John David.

Four coaches starting out—Fertig, Meyer, Barfield, Crow. Four ostensibly on the same mission. Four with the wind at their backs. They are the celebrities at every gathering, the beneficiaries of every glad hand. They have one thing in common: they have not lost a game.

Craig Fertig said the Oregon State offer was his first to be a head coach, though not his first brush with employment in the state. As backfield coach of the Portland Storm, World Football League, R.I.P., for the abbreviated 1975 season, Fertig had a $65,000 contract, of which he received $5,000, and a $2,500 moving bill the Storm apparently overlooked when subsiding. Fertig went back to USC for which he had set passing records as a player and which he had helped coach for almost a decade.

It did not surprise him, despite his Portland adventures, that he found the Oregon State offer appealing. "A man can get used to breathing fresh air," he said. "And when somebody says 'Good morning' around here, I don't have to wonder what they mean." Nevertheless, it apparently surprised Oregon State people that a worldly, witty young man like Fertig would take the job. While he protested, "I love it—honest," they apologized for their inability to be Los Angeles. They apologized for being in the sticks (rival recruiters call Corvallis "Corn Valley"). They apologized for the steady, numbing winter rains that seldom turn to snow but often chill the bones of regulars at Parker Stadium. They apologized for Parker Stadium, with its 41,000 seats. They apologized for their school being 100 years old and virtually devoid of tradition. They apologized for the alumni's unfailing ability to think small. "When I talk of winning 12 games," said Fertig, "they talk of winning six."

Oregon State moved to oust Dee Andros as head coach before the 1975 season, mostly because the team had won only seven games in three years. The athletic board deliberated seven hours before granting Andros a stay of execution, but the team sealed Andros' fate with a 1–10 year and an average home game attendance of less than 17,000. Andros didn't wait for another board meeting. He resigned.

A round, country-fried hunk of ham, Andros got to be known as the Great Pumpkin (State's principal color is orange, orange is the backbone of Dee's wardrobe) when his teams were regular spoilers in the Pac-8 in the late 1960s. Though he lost more than he won and never got to the Rose Bowl in 11 years, Andros made friends. They were behind him last December, helping him get kicked up, instead of out, into the athletic directorship, from which he gratefully hired Fertig in December. "Craig, old boy," he told Fertig, "this fat old neck is in your hands."

Fertig and Andros have become fast friends, though socio-physio opposites. The ruddy-faced son of a ruddier-faced Huntington Park, Calif. police chief, Fertig is more yam than pumpkin, more rock 'n' roll than country. He also does not play cards. "You don't play *cards*?" new friends in Corvallis ask him, as if that were a symptom rather than a choice. "Dee and Tommy played cards." Fertig is reminded that Tommy Prothro got the Beavers to the Rose Bowl—once, in 1964—and was a bridge-playing fool. Fertig is willing to dabble at golf, but as a devout indoorsman does not own a rifle, a shotgun or a fishing rod, essentials in every Oregon home. His attempts to tame the wilderness have been inauspicious. He tried sawing a limb from a tree in the backyard of his new house in Corvallis the other day, and the limb bowed and whipped him across the nose, knocking him cold.

The house is a $68,000 split-level. Though it was not part of the deal—head coaches are given new houses only when they've won a few games—Fertig said he got some "mortgage help," along with a salary of $28,000 and a Chevrolet Caprice.

More important to his success were the things Fertig got that Andros hadn't had, and that Dee, from above, was glad to help him get. He was allowed to add an eighth coach to the staff, partly to help recruit. Assistants' salaries were increased. Almost $100,000 in office and training-room facilities were approved, including a $25,000 fitness machine for the weight room. The recruiting budget was almost tripled, to $85,000, it being recognized that Oregon's sparse pickings make it imperative that recruiters forage down the interstates for potential Beavers, half of whom are usually imported. Permission was granted to spruce up the uniforms ("They been looking at my black helmets too long," said Andros). There was a vague promise of a future stadium addition, to bring capacity to the 60,000-seat range.

Dr. Robert MacVicar, the school president, explained this sudden vigorous outpouring of support. "There is no value in being the everlasting doormat," he said. "We intend to do what it takes." The school's athletic program ($1.9 million this academic year) had been living off reserves from past successes and had dipped into the red the last two years. The effect was galvanic. "I can talk to people until I'm blue in the face about our nuclear reactor—and get polite ap-

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"Before I found Vat 69 Gold, I thought I'd never perfect my serve."



"Actually, my game was respectable enough. The problem was, nobody had any respect for what I served afterward. But it was the best I could afford on my budget. Then I found Vat 69 Gold. It had that impressive Vat Gold label on the outside. What was inside was even more impressive. And the price tag! At last, a premium Scotch whisky I could afford. What a relief! Now everybody admires my serve, both on the court and off."

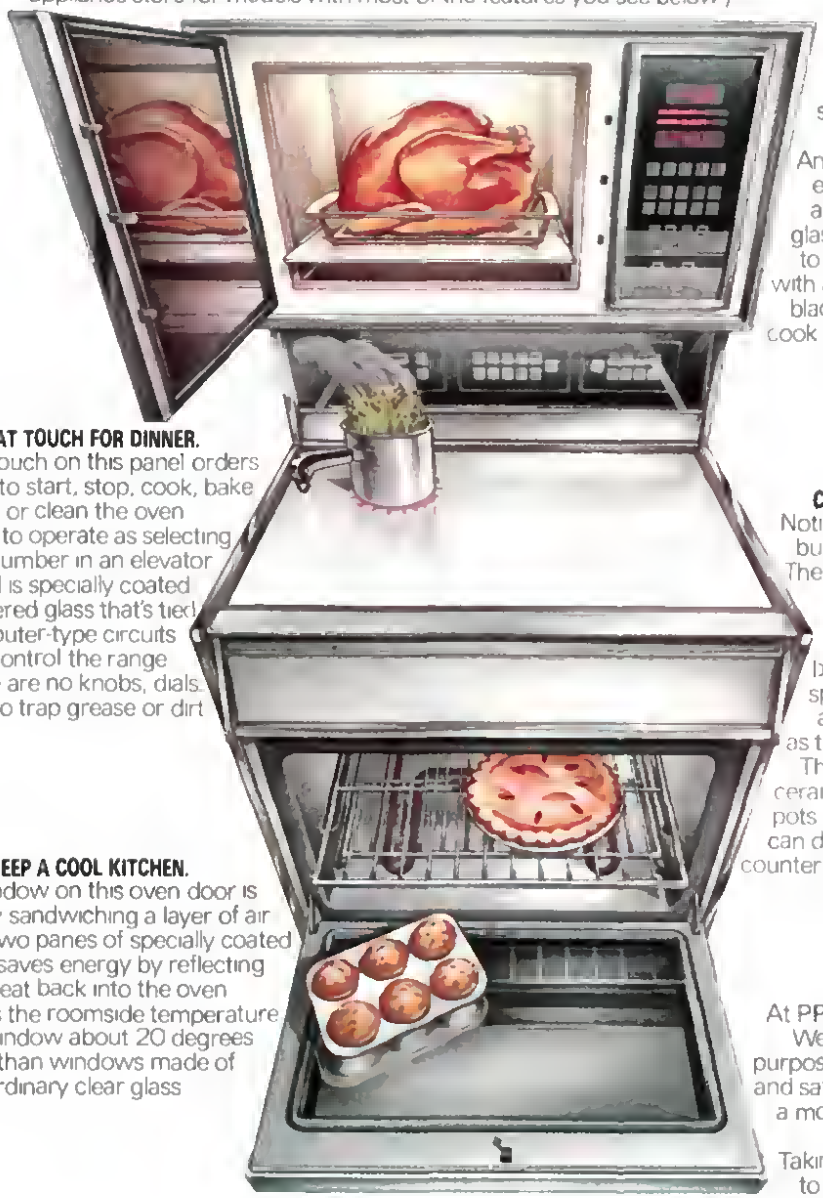


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plause. If I talk football, they not only listen, they talk back."

For his part, Fertig tacked up his autographed pictures of Charlton Heston, O. J. Simpson, John Wayne and John McKay and went to work. "Five days after he got here, he had his eight coaches signed and on the road," said Andros. "Now *that's* impressive." Fertig quickly signed 30 athletes, 20 from junior colleges. Andros said he knew Fertig was doing something right because he got a complaint call from Colorado about his recruiting.

"They said I was 'hiding' a boy," said Fertig. "He wasn't hidden. He was staying at his coach's house. Of course, I knew where he was. I just didn't tell Colorado. The hell with them."

For Oregon State Publicist Hal Cowan, Fertig was a promoter's dream. Wherever two or three people were gathered, Fertig gladly dropped in. "I got him set up with 15 golf tournaments in a row, to play and make speeches," said Cowan. "I called it a terrific way to sell the program. He called it the Bataan Death March."

"He had me speaking morning, noon and night," said Fertig. "How do you bring yourself to be entertaining in a Chinese restaurant at 6:45 in the morning?"

Fertig's appealing banter is laced with McKayisms, delivered in the waspish McKay style. "I told them about my first season at USC," Fertig said. "We're playing Ohio State and I'm all set to watch a great game from my spot on the bench when Coach McKay says, 'Fertig, you're starting.' Pete Beathard had been hurt in the warmup. We recovered a fumble on their eight-yard line after the kickoff. I warmed up with a left-handed center, but our regular was a righty. The first snap pops up in the air and out to the 21, where Ohio State recovers. In those days we played both ways, and I'm still on the field, thinking, 'How 'n hell am I gonna get out of this?' The first play, they run a sweep and I throw myself at the blockers and get knocked out. The play goes for a touchdown. When they help me off, Coach McKay grabs my arm and walks beside me. My mother's in the stands, thinking how nice to have a coach who cares. What he's saying is, 'Fertig, you son of a bitch, if that guy hadn't gotten you I'd have killed you!' "

From the moment he and his pretty blonde wife Nancy were introduced at halftime of an Oregon State basketball game in January, Fertig has ridden a wave of approbation. "Everybody's behind him," said Publicist Cowan. "The press, the alumni, the fans." A group of girls called the "Orange Aids" painted the locker room. Fans waved freshly stenciled "Orange Crunch" handkerchiefs. A 20-page slick-cover promotion booklet featuring Fertig rolled off the presses. In the first four months of the year, the Beaver Club, which annually contributes 14% of the athletic department's operating budget, equaled the funds raised all last year. In a lounge in Portland, a man walked up to Fertig's table and handed him a check for $1,000, "to help finance the weight room."

"He's not the first," said Fertig. "We're pushing now. They might not come around later on."

"What we have to do is take advantage of the enthusiasm," said Cowan. "Put some people back in the stands. Make it so it'll be a mistake not to be in Corvallis on Sept. 4 [for the home opener with Kansas]. Sell that son of a gun out!"

"Right on," said Fertig.

In the booklet, Fertig is quoted: "Coaching is teaching, and taking care of people who take care of you. . . ." He promises to help players with academic needs, marital problems, summer jobs. He says he is against athletic dorms. "I want kids to experience more than just being football players," he says.

On the surface, his approach on the field in spring practice was as light and solicitous as his rhetoric. He said that "everybody starts even—I won't even look at last year's films. I'm throwing 'em out. We're going to elevate, not demote." Workouts seldom went over an hour and 45 minutes. "You can't force kids to work themselves to a frazzle anymore," he said. "It's no longer a stigma to quit."

The players responded. "He doesn't talk like a coach," said one. "He knows your name," said another. When some not-so-eager Beavers failed to run off the field after an unusually rigorous workout, thereby breaking one of the few rules Fertig imposed, teammates routed them out of the showers and made them go back and do it again.

By contrast, his coaches "worked like hell," Fertig said. Until housing was secured, seven of them, Fertig included, occupied the honeymoon suite of the Town and Country Motel. "We had six beds. The last guy in slept on the floor."

On a recent drive to Portland for an appearance, Fertig told Cowan how much Corvallis had grown on him. He said it had been easy to alter his recruiting pitch. "I used to sell 'em on wearing the garnet and gold and running down that ramp into the Coliseum. Now I tell them they can play right away here, and they can't get *this*"—waving his hand at the woodlands—"in the big city."

He had just gotten a call that morning from one of his assistant coaches, Ed Sowash, with news of the signing of a split end in California. "I called the boy's mother and told her how tickled I was, and how we'd take good care of her boy. She said, 'You better be able to cook good, then.' I gave Sowash the day off."

Publicist Cowan said it wouldn't hurt to point out to future recruits that Corvallis wasn't the dead end rivals liked to make it. He said after some research he'd found you could get a beer for a dime at Mother's Mattress Factory on Tuesday night, 70¢ pitchers at Murphy's on Wednesday (with free peanuts) and all the "double-dribbles" (two for the price of one) you wanted at the Thunderbird on Friday.

At that moment Fertig pulled past a car with an incandescent bumper sticker, and began to laugh. The sticker read: DON'T CALIFORNICATE OREGON.

Ron Meyer said he is a name-dropper. "You mention 1,000 guys in football, I've met 700 of them," he said. "I pick up the blue book and it's old home week. I don't stand around and say, 'Hey, I'm Ron Meyer,' but I know where Fairmont State is, and when I meet a guy from Alabama I ask him, 'How's old Dude Hennessy? Tell Dude I said hello.' " Ron Meyer said he is also a status seeker, a condition spawned by the dreams of a driven youth and a voracious reading habit. His literary tastes run to military biography. He treasures a book on Rommel sent him by Bud Wilkinson. With it, he can drop a name and make a military point at the same time. He thinks MacArthur should be required reading.

"They say war is for generals and historians, but I read that stuff and I think, like Patton, that *I* was predestined. I've wanted to coach since I was in the ninth grade. Red Blaik was my hero. And Zuppke and Hayes. I was keeping charts and playbooks when I was 15 years old. I can see myself as Coach of the Year some day."

The future Coach of the Year is a short, button-nosed, freewheeling dyna-

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mo of a man with flashing eyes, a modish shag haircut, slacks-and-sweater combos and two-tone patent-leather shoes. "Ron likes to dress up a little," said his second wife Cindy, who has given him two daughters to go with the two sons from a previous marriage. "He had those high-heeled boots before anybody. He also likes cars."

When Meyer went to coach in Las Vegas in 1973, he was picked up for his interview in a dusty old Volkswagen. "Two years later I was driving a new Thunderbird." Now, at SMU, happiness is a maroon Cadillac Coupe DeVille, with a white opera top. He said maybe you shouldn't mention that, SMU being such a conservative place. He was reminded that the Cadillac is not invisible.

Flashy appearances aside, beneath all the chrome and needlework lives an intense, hard-driving ambition. Meyer said he can identify with men—football coaches, generals—who have had to come out of the rough to make something of themselves. He recollects his background: A big-family, low-income upbringing in Columbus, Ohio. His father a truck driver. His every childhood move calculated to get him somewhere. Up. Out. He says the only reason he stayed in the Boy Scouts so long was that it gave him ushering privileges at Ohio State football games.

In high school he captained his football, basketball and baseball teams, and presided over his class from the ninth through the 12th grades. At Purdue he was the classic walk-on: from nowhere to the starting lineup and a 5.2 grade average on a 6.0 scale. Then to coaching the Purdue backfield and scouting for the Cowboys before talking his way into the Nevada, Las Vegas job.

The Volkswagen reception hardly fazed him. His approach then, as now, was slam-bang. He did not rule by committee. "Councils of war breed timidity and defeatism," he said, quoting MacArthur. "I went after 'em."

On the first day of practice, the Las Vegas quarterback quit after one lap. Two assistant coaches threatened to do the same. It was 125° and new shoes had worn blisters on their feet. There was no trainer to turn to (the budget didn't allow for one), no air-conditioned office to repair to.

Meyer began with 117 players, including holdovers and conscripts, and in order to cut down to the 72 scholarships he was allowed, ran a shuttle service to the Las Vegas airport. "We had to make regular runs out there just to be sure none of the good players were slipping away with the bad," he said. He wound up with 60 players.

He offered a money-back guarantee if a ticket buyer didn't like the games. He walked from his home to the stadium to prove it could be done when Vegas fans complained that the stadium was remote. He called sportswriters about offending stories, then invited them over for a beer and a round of golf. He suspended his best player, Mike Thomas, the NFL Rookie of the Year last season with the Redskins, for cursing an assistant, then reinstated him. When attendance fell off to 5,000, Meyer challenged the whole town. "What Las Vegas needs," he announced, "is a kick in the butt." The next week's game drew 13,000. A football team that had lost 10 games in 1972 went 8–3, 11–0, 7–4.

While this irresistible force was building in the West, SMU was languishing in Dallas. The glory days had long gone from the Hilltop. In 1975, SMU's record under Dave Smith dropped to 4–7. Some of its honor had faded earlier when it was nabbed by the NCAA for paying members of the specialty teams and giving one player an apartment rent-free.

A freshman player died of meningitis, and the team was placed in quarantine for two weeks. The students were openly critical of the program and came to SMU games in the Cotton Bowl in trickles. Crowds, once 60,000 a game, dipped to under 20,000. The student paper charged that Smith, confining the team in an athletic dormitory, alienated it from the campus. His favorite response to any question, said the paper, was "No comment." Under fire, Smith resigned.

But if SMU did not want Smith, no one seemed to want SMU, either. Johnny Majors, Lou Holtz, Hank Stram and Darryl Rogers turned the job down. Ron Meyer got a friend to mention his name. Eventually, he got a call, and Athletic Director Dick Davis came to see him. Meyer leafed through his playbook and thought it would be cool to show up a little late for the meeting. He arrived at the Vegas airport, in his glistening T-bird, 15 minutes late. Davis hardly noticed. He had already been there an hour, because of a time mix-up, and had lost $80 to the slot machines.

Under such dire circumstances are often forged holy bonds, or at least ones that get the crusade cranked up. Meyer signed in late January. He was given a five-year package which, with a television deal and other fringe benefits, immediately tripled his $20,000 Las Vegas income. Ron and Cindy and the children moved into a $90,000 house.

Davis said what attracted Meyer to him, and vice versa, was exactly the chemistry SMU's tired body had been craving. "Ron Meyer is merchandisable," Davis declared. "He's young, he's intelligent, he's a charmer. He can talk to the kid on the street or the president of the bank. But, number one, he's a builder. He proved that at Las Vegas. Successful coaches are builders. He's only 35, but he has the mentality of a 45-year-old."

"Hey, not so fast," said Meyer, smiling and holding up his hands, stretching them out of his powder-blue cardigan.

"For 20 years, the worst merchandising in college football was done at SMU," said Davis. "The first question people still ask is, 'Where's Doak? Where's Kyle?' That was 25 years ago! We've had Ray Berry, Don Meredith, Jerry Levias—a lot of guys since then. But people still talk about Doak and Kyle.

"I'm no coach. I'm here to run a $2 million business, the athletic department. I didn't leave 24 years with Merrill Lynch to preside over the death of SMU football. Everybody around here likes to blame the Cowboys, but it doesn't wash. Dallas is 2½ times bigger than it was in 1947. There's plenty enough people to support us both. Dallas is a management town, success oriented. It won't support mediocrity. But when Texas and Oklahoma play here, you can't buy a seat. Now we've got a guy"—he pointed his pipe at Meyer—"who can cope with Darrell Royal. We haven't had that before.

"But you can't reverse 17 years of decadence overnight. Ron has no pressure to win right away. He's got a long-term contract. In 1977 we play Ohio State here. That's the one we'll hit, Ohio State. The key game in SMU's future. For now, our biggest draw will be curiosity. People coming out to see what Ron can do."

When Davis paused to relight his pipe, Meyer said, "It's a hairy edge. Coaches get contracts in years, alumni measure them in months. We've got to sell some tickets, but we can't promise more than we can deliver. One of the writers picked us to finish ninth out of nine in the Southwest Conference. I told him I

didn't know if I liked him or hated him, but I could guarantee him we'd do better than ninth."

Later, Meyer joined a Dallas Ford dealer and two other men for a round of golf at the Preston Trail club. Between shots, Meyer said he had prescribed some strong Las Vegas-style medicine for the SMU team in the spring. The Mustang practices ran from 2:30 to past six almost daily. He said he had had to jerk a few players around, grabbing them by the jersey and ordering them to shape up—" 'Dammit,' I said, 'I'm gonna make you a football player if it kills me.' " Laggards and those who committed procedural sins (missing meetings, being late) were invited to partake in postpractice "Mustang Reminders," a diabolical Meyer-inspired exercise in which the convicted must run up and down the field, flopping chest-first on the ground every five yards.

One of his coaches, Meyer said, suggested they should ease up a little.

"I told him, 'No way.' I said, 'We're going to beat TCU in that opening game if we have to drop the stadium on 'em. We're going to win because we're sewer rats.' "

The coach asked him what a sewer rat was. Meyer said, "I told him it was a rat you can't kill. I caught one once in Columbus and put it in a box. It wouldn't die. It survived everything. A human being can do that, too. DDT in his system. Pain. Disease. What a man does in wartime, the heroics, is a good example. Churchill said, 'Just doing your best isn't good enough. You have to do what's necessary.'

"I'm usually the good guy to my players," he said. "I let my assistants be the bad guys. I have iced watermelon on the field in the middle of practices. Dr Pepper in the dressing room. I sweat with 'em, get close to 'em. They don't call me Ron, but I give them a lot of freedom. No training table. No curfew. I don't believe in athletic dorms. If a boy wants to study till 4 a.m., I'm not going to send somebody around to turn off the light. They had that here, and it didn't work.

"But I told the players in the spring, 'I'm not going to deny you the right to be great. I'm not going to have you sitting in a bar 20 years from now saying he was too easy.' Kids are crying for discipline today. They don't have the answer, but they think Woody Hayes and Darrell Royal and Bear Bryant do. Did they respond? Hell, yes, they responded. We only had two quit. Peer pressure wouldn't let the others quit. This is the Southwest Conference—a way of life."

Meyer got out of the cart to line up a shot. The Ford dealer, who had played behind Rote in 1947, said he had not seen so much enthusiasm for SMU football "since the coaching days of Matty Bell." He said that from what he could gather "Ron did the best recruiting job on the Hill in 23 years. He even had the president entertaining a quarterback he flew in from Boston. It's amazing."

The blade of Meyer's seven-iron flashed, and the ball took off low toward the green, skidded, bounced high and rolled to within three feet of the pin. Meyer held up his club and free hand in a touchdown salute, his handsome brown face splitting across stark white teeth. When he got back in the cart, he said, "The jury is still out on Ron Meyer. No one has named their kids after me. No one has professed great love. No one has carried me off the field on their shoulders. I'd like those things." He smiled. "Maybe I'm just a total bastard. You know, they call me the Archie Bunker of the staff. You suppose Archie's in the Blue Book?"

There was a time, Doug Barfield said, sipping coffee during the cocktail hour at Stoker's in downtown Auburn, when he thought about chucking it and going home to Grove Hill and his father's furniture business. His father always wanted him to, he said. The business had a lot of appeal. Victory on a football field is illusory; a Tubbs and Baker end table, if not a joy forever, is at least money in the bank. He was at Clemson at the time, he said. "I talked it over with everybody. The kids [Gary, now 16; Kathy, 14] said, 'Oh, no, Dad. We want you to coach.' The thing was, I didn't want to wake up one morning a 55-year-old assistant coach somewhere."

The early-evening fashion show had begun and the restaurant hostess, who had changed to a pants suit for the first act, paused at the table to model and say hello. Barfield nodded politely and returned the greeting.

"I wrestled with it again my first year at Auburn. My freshman team didn't win a game. I talked to my old coach, to my wife's parents—they're only three hours away. I asked Coach Jordan *his* plans. Don't make this sound ridiculous, but I have never feared for my job. It's just that I'd hate to go back to Grove Hill and say I'd failed."

He said he knew how those who followed coaches like Leahy, Blaik, Neyland, Dodd and Wilkinson had made historical crash dives, never to be heard from again. "Every coach believes he can do it, though. I didn't have time to think about it. President Philpott said, 'Come on over,' and I said, 'Yessir,' and before I knew it I was the new coach. But even if I'd had three months, I'd still have to say, well, it's the head coaching job at Auburn. Too many people in the country would love to have it."

He said he thought being in "the Auburn mold" might have decided in his favor. Like Jordan, an Alabaman. And loyal. And a man who could do the things that were necessary while still keeping at eye level with those around him. "A lot of coaches are better qualified than I am," he said, "but Auburn folks are different that way. When you go 10 and 1, it doesn't matter where you're from. When you're 2 and 9, you better be their kind of fellow."

One man thought by many to be more qualified was right there on the staff. Assistant Head Coach Paul Davis had been at Auburn for the last eight of his 28 coaching years and previously was head coach at Mississippi State. With that little meanness born of partisanship, it was suggested around town that Davis' personal habits—he takes a drink now and then—may have had something to do with it. President Harry Philpott happens to share Barfield's religious convictions and does not imbibe. It is more likely that Davis' age—he is 54—was the deciding factor. Jordan, at least for public consumption, kept hands off, except to say he "wanted somebody from my staff."

"I had mixed emotions," said Barfield. "I knew Paul would be hurt, so I talked to him. He's a good friend, the best I had my first year here. He understood—I certainly didn't hire myself. And, of course, he's on my staff now. But this was the kind of thing that didn't hit me until I got back home and thought it over. I knew I had Coach Jordan's big shoes to fill, and maybe I'm dense or something, but I didn't realize how demanding the job would be: the hours from home, the abuse a coach can take, the phone calls, the criticism. You have to be plenty strong."

He said he told his wife Betty that she

continued

didn't have to put on any airs, "suddenly become a big entertainer or something. She's conservative, not real outgoing. She doesn't like that kind of thing. I assured her I didn't want her to. But when I started bringing recruits around, she was two-for-two helping sign 'em."

A burly older man walked by the table. Barfield opened his mouth to say something but held back as the man kept walking, looking straight ahead.

"That's the toughest part of all," Barfield said. "I'll never get over that. He was one of the coaches I had to fire. I had said we'd keep the entire staff, but when the NCAA passed the new limits, and I brought in a couple I wanted, I had to let three or four go. One opened a clothing store, another went to work for George Wallace, so I guess they're out of coaching. I don't think any of them wanted to leave. That man over there is bitter. I know that. I don't blame him. I hope I never have to do anything like that again."

He said he knew from the beginning he could count on Jordan as an ally. But Jordan's presence, looming everywhere, can be a fairly suffocating thing. Shug still parks out front, in the specially marked parking stall directly at the door of the athletic offices. He has an office in the building for as long as he wants it. The football stadium across the street bears his name. For a time, Alabama columnists wrung their editorial hands almost daily, wondering "How can there be Auburn football without Shug?" They marveled at the fact that Barfield could order a meal in the campus dining room without drawing a second look. Without, in fact, being able to get the girl writing the tab to spell his name correctly.

For what an Atlanta writer called "this thankless task" of legend-succeeding, Barfield nevertheless showed remarkable equanimity. "I know when I wear a mod suit people are going to say, 'Shug wouldn't do that.' And if they see me in a business suit, they'll say, 'Oh, looka there, he's trying to copy Coach Jordan.' But I'd be a fool not to copy some of the things he did. I can think of two right off: one, be a gentleman; two, win."

To that end, Barfield said, he hadn't made "a lot of promises," but he had gone to work. He had signed his allotted 30 freshman recruits before anyone else in the SEC, and had personally visited 20 of the first 28. He had been an active speechmaker. "I tried to go everywhere people wanted me," he said. "I have a hard time saying no, especially to the alumni. Next to the players, they're our most important people." He said he tried to eat at the players' dorm three or four times a week, rubbing elbows. He invited the seniors to his house for steaks and put on a team picnic at a lakeside cabin he rented. "I asked 'em to come to the office to see me, personally, to find out what might be bothering them. Is the food O.K.? The showers? I wanted them to look me in the eye and tell me how they felt."

His rules, he said, were no tougher than Jordan's. "But I'm not going to start by easing up. I want them to look and act decent. I don't know if it'll help us win, but the guy who'll throw trash on the floor will jump offsides in the fourth quarter. I believe that. Sloppiness can be a disease. Little things make big things."

Auburn football is always a financial winner, so there is no problem there, he said, but he'd like to do a few things with his share of the $2.2 million budget. He said he wanted to put up dressing-room signs that meant something. Add some carpet. Some piped-in music. Some new furniture in the dining hall. Some lights on the practice field. Maybe an all-weather bubble over a portion of the field.

For himself, he asked for less money than he was offered (he has a four-year $32,000 contract and a $14,000 television show). "My mother always said, 'Keep your nose clean and good things will happen.' I'd rather earn what I get. But that doesn't mean I don't intend to stay a while. We laid 300 feet of sewer line at our place the other day and planted some pecan trees."

In his new office, away from the heavy traffic he helped create, Shug Jordan held court for those who might want to hear about his 38 All-Americas and 12 bowl trips and championship games, or question his retirement. "I'm not a candidate for anything," said Shug. "I'm just going to sit in the corner and suck my thumb and enjoy my family. As Mrs. Jordan says, I raised everybody's children but my own." Speaking of Doug Barfield, Jordan leaned back in his chair contentedly and said, "Doesn't he project a wonderful image, though? Same age as I was when I started, and clean as a hound's tooth. Already has a feel for the job, too—the right demeanor, the strong inner fiber to go with the soft mannerisms. Right now the people are pleased as punch. Of course, the ultimate is winning. But I think Doug'll get his share."

Jordan's new office is bereft of memorabilia—no trophies, no plaques. Just one small sign on the wall behind his desk, bordered in black: "The moral of the quiet example/is to do the best you can./ Be proud of yourself, but remember/there is no indispensable man."

When W. L. (Jack) Howard, longtime mayor of Monroe, La., was pushing Northeast Louisiana University football a few years ago, he spun dreams of a packed 70,000-seat stadium (bigger, by conspicuous coincidence, than LSU's 67,720-seater) and thrilled his audiences with prospects of a Northeast Louisiana marching band that would just happen to number a few booming, clanging pieces more than LSU's. Having gotten on the bandwagon without knowing that much about football, Mayor Jack and his citizen's committee did not confuse most of the constituents, who correctly identified these dreams as pipe. Monroe, after all, was named after a steamboat. It was recalled, too, that Mayor Jack often had trouble distinguishing his Howard Brothers Discount Store from the City of Monroe, even before he was convicted in 1975 for unauthorized use of city property (his sentence was suspended). There was no mistaking his civic pride, however.

At the time, Northeast was playing in—and seldom filling—modest, unluxurious 8,340-seat Brown Stadium. The school itself is a baby. Founded in 1931 as a junior college and located along the DeSiard Bayou, the campus gets the full effect of the breezes that come in from the Olinkraft Paper Mill, and though it has the nation's second-largest building-construction school and third-largest school of pharmacy, its football program never won any prizes. It did not start playing the game at the four-year-college level until 1951.

But with the day approaching when NE-L would enter the privileged ranks of the NCAA's Division I, the state agreed to fund $6 million for a new stadium with a capacity of somewhere between 20,000 and 30,000. Not exactly what Mayor Jack envisioned, but a step up nonetheless. Because of the economy, when ground was broken last July the capacity of the projected stadium had been reduced to 15,000. It should be ready for 1978, when Northeast hopes to be playing a few teams like North Texas State.

Into this gap between dream and re-

continued

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SPERRY TOP-SIDER

ality, NE-L brought John David Crow. Specifically, President Dwight D. (Del) Vines, a volunteer coach of the school's tennis team, a rail-thin realist who tries to dream his dreams in orderly sequence, brought in Crow. When Vines was ready to put the fire to Northeast's rocket, he did what any clear-thinking college president would do. He called Bear Bryant.

"There was a pause on the other end of the line, either because Bear didn't know me or because he was thinking," Vines said. "He said, 'I don't ordinarily recommend a pro player. They get fat and lazy and want all the money. But Crow's a 24-hour-a-day man. He's one of about five I'd say that about.'

"Crow had two other things going for him: he was a name, and he was a native. I didn't know him, but I was told he wasn't getting the satisfaction coaching pros he did coaching in college. I talked to John David on the phone. I said, 'I'll send you an application.' He said, 'Dr. Vines, I have never applied for a job.' That told me something.

"Crow's task here wasn't going to be easy by any means. The program was in shambles. The local schools felt ignored, the players complained about preferential treatment and abuse. We had negative reactions wherever we turned. There's nothing more sensitive in a community than the athletic program. If it has a bad rep, the university suffers. We were getting boys—I hate to say they were outlaws—but boys who couldn't make it at Oklahoma or LSU.

"Monroe is 130,000 people, and they all love football. There's no pro team, no big-college team around. We're it. And nothing does more to bring the community and the faculty and the students and the alumni together. Whether we like it or not, we can't realize our basic goals as a university without a respectable football team. They forget in a hurry how many doctors we've graduated, but they remember those football losses. I've had young people tell me, 'I'd like to go to Northeast, but your football team never wins anything. I'm going to LSU.'"

With Crow's arrival, said Dr. Vines, came "an enthusiasm we never had before." Leaflets and bumper stickers proliferated, proclaiming "the start of something big." The booster club went wild, relatively speaking. "People who used to give $100 were giving $1,000. Support doubled, tripled." A local bank ran a series of ads. Crow made 110 personal ap-

pearances. "Get some people together, and I'll talk," he said.

The boosters responded. John David himself raised money for six new scholarships. Local dealers provided cars for Crow and his staff. Crow talked an economics professor out of retirement and into the job of team academic adviser, at no pay. The Bayou DeSiard Country Club which, said Vines, "normally requires a man to open his veins to get in," welcomed Crow with open lockers.

The players, said Vines, loved John David's accent on discipline, "and, of course, so did I. Crow told me, 'Maybe I'm old-fashioned, but I believe kids should go to class. I believe they should dress like they're going, and look like students. Is that old-fashioned?' I said, 'Yes, but I like it.'

"We were criticized by some for spending more money [The NE-L athletic budget is $750,000 this year, half of which is state funded], but in the end we have to think that with the support that's building we'll wind up spending less. Expectations may change according to how we do, but down the road I can see us in a minor bowl game, playing Tulsa and Memphis State, and maybe the second-division teams of the Southeastern Conference. Maybe increasing our stadium size to 40,000. We may never be an LSU or an Alabama, or make the Top 20, but the second 20—I wouldn't rule that out.

"I've given Crow his head. I believe in decentralization, and I don't believe in miracles. Maybe three years, maybe five."

In his second-floor office at old Brown Stadium, which he has had paneled and recarpeted since his arrival, behind a red-and-white plastic sign that identified him, John David Crow sat pondering these developments and decided they augured well.

He leaned forward and propped his elbows on the desk and put his fingertips together in front of his nose. He said he knew he wanted to be a college coach when he went to Alabama as an assistant, and saw "the gleam in those kids' eyes" when he got to them. He said it was the greatest experience of his life.

"I used to think I wanted to coach in the pros. But I didn't see that gleam at Cleveland or San Diego. The game had changed. Big money. Agents. The Browns had so-and-so"—he named a well-known back—"who was always running out of bounds [to avoid getting hit]. He said he couldn't afford to get hit. It made me want to throw up. I never ran out of bounds in my life. I never went to camp unsigned. I never had an argument about my contracts. I probably played for too little money, but the guys I played with played for fun.

"I knew if I ever got a college job I'd want a place like this. A simpler place, with tradition. My wife's from Arkansas, my kids were born in Arkansas and Texas. I was born 50 miles up the road in Marion. I've come full circle. I knew here I'd be in a place where I could tell a kid to cut his hair and shave his face and say yessir and nosir, and I'd get support doing it.

"People don't believe it when I say I would like nothing better than to spend the rest of my life as athletic director and head football coach at Northeast Louisiana. I did not take this job as a stepping stone. If I wanted to, I could have gone that route. But I don't even talk about levels. Every school's got the same problems, it's all in where you put the decimal. We're on the same level as anybody for teaching youngsters something, about life, about development. That's important to me. I've had all that other junk that goes with success. It's not important to me anymore."

Recruiting, he said, had been "tough." Northeast Louisiana is sparsely populated. There are 11 football-playing colleges in the state vying for players, six in Division I. In the past, Crow said, the recruiting budget was pared to the bone. "and when they ran out of money, they just stopped recruiting." He took a red pencil to budget priorities. "Big" teams on the schedule—Pacific, for example—had been guaranteed as much as $45,000 to come to Monroe. There was no chance to make that kind of money at the gate. "We'd be lucky to make $5,000. We took them off our schedule and paid the forfeit money. I'd rather play Memphis State up at their place for nothing than lose that kind of money here. We need it too badly. We'll play good teams, but let's go 11–0 first with the teams we're already playing. That'll fill the stadium.

"I don't care about stadium size," he said. "What concerns me—will it be a class facility? Some guys can put on a $20 suit and have class. Other people have to have a $200 suit. I don't care if we have 15,000 seats—if we fill them, you can bet we'll get more seats.

"People talk about going 'big time.' It'll be a long time. You got to do your knitting first. I want to go 11–0 this year. Then when I call somebody and say, 'My name's Crow,' they won't talk about the Heisman Trophy or Coach Bryant or the pros, they'll talk about Northeast Louisiana. Right now, we ain't scared nobody, and we ain't scared of anybody. We ain't been beat."

Crow recruited "the biggest kids I could find," and in the spring, when he assembled the past with the present, he took a better look. He said he found "about 10 good players." Some, he said, took longer to learn than others. "We were easy on them. We wanted to find out what we had, not how much we could work them. We only had five guys quit, a low number. We'll have our gut checks, I promise you. But for now, much of this is new to them.

"Discipline itself can be new. My dad was a rough-type person. He treated us that way—get out of line and get your butt whacked. Compliments were scarce. I came in here to put in a disciplined program. I want them to enjoy football, have fun, but I want them to pay attention, too. If you're gonna have a party, you got to get ready for it. We told them we expect them to come to practice, to go to class. When they didn't do one or the other, we got them up at 6 a.m. and made them run. We are going to get our money's worth."

Crow said he made plans to move the team out of the present motel-like dormitory, where each room opens onto the street, into a smaller one, where he could exercise better control. "There are two ways to go—either spread 'em out and let 'em roam, or put them where they can live together and learn about each other, build some spirit. I prefer it that way." He said, too, he was going to change some home games from night to afternoon, for a chance to get the scores on television and stories in the paper. "When we beat somebody," he said, "I want people to know it."

Sure, he said, he's had doubts—"a lot of them. Every time I turn over a rock there's a snake under it. We were building a new practice field. One day I looked out and they'd stopped construction. I ran out to find out what was going on. I said, 'Why'd you stop?' The guy said, 'We ran out of money.'

"We had to finish it two inches lower than it was planned." **END**

FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the week Aug. 23-30

BASEBALL—TOKYO, benefiting from six wild pitches and five errors, defeated Campbell (Calif.) 10–3 to win the Little League World Series at Williamsport, Pa.

BOWLING—JAY ROBINSON of Los Angeles defeated Rich Carrubba of Hayward, Calif. 216–206 to win the $65,000 Great Adventure Open in Trenton, N.J.

PRO FOOTBALL—Roger Staubach threw two touchdown passes as the Dallas Cowboys won their Super Bowl rematch with the Pittsburgh Steelers 20–10. Los Angeles and Miami remained unbeaten in preseason play, the Rams beat Buffalo 31–17, the Dolphins defeated winless Houston 10–6. Rookie Halfback Chuck Muncie stunned Cincinnati by throwing a 27-yard touchdown pass as New Orleans beat the Bengals 13–10 for its fourth straight win. The New York Giants scored two touchdowns in the last six minutes to defeat Green Bay 20–16; the Jets were crushed by Washington 38–7, and Minnesota edged Philadelphia 20–16. Charlie West ran 52 yards with an intercepted pass to lead Detroit past Kansas City 23–21. Denver rallied for a 21–17 win over St. Louis with Otis Armstrong contributing an 81-yard touchdown run, and Chicago beat Tampa Bay 10–7 on Bob Thomas' 44-yard field goal with 1:43 left. Atlanta finally won a game, defeating Baltimore 21–7 as Steve Bartkowski threw for three touchdowns. Oakland defeated San Francisco 14–9 and Seattle beat San Diego 17–16 for the first victory in the club's history.

GOLF—DAVID GRAHAM of Australia won the $40,000 first-place check in the American Golf Classic at Akron, finishing with a 14-under-par 274, four strokes ahead of Lou Graham.

SANDRA PALMER finished with a 10 under-par 206 to win the $50,000 National Jewish Hospital Open in Denver by two strokes over Pat Bradley.

HARNESS RACING—CRASH, driven by Bill Haughton, won the $105,721 Fox Stakes for 2-year-old pacers at the Indiana State Fairgrounds. Crash took the first heat in 1:58 and finished third in the second to Racy Goods, whose time of 1:55⅗ was a stakes record.

At the same meeting, SPEED IN ACTION, driven by Delvin Miller, recorded the year's fastest mile for a 2-year-old trotter with a 2:00⅗ in the first heat of the $62,014 Horseman Stake. Millar drove the bay colt to a 2:02⅖ win in the second heat to win $31,007.

HORSE RACING—VICTORIAN PRINCE ($15.20), Robin Platts up, won a three-horse photo finish in the $130,000 Arlington Handicap at Chicago's Arlington Park. Only two heads separated the winner, who covered the mile and ⅛ths in 1:58⅘, from second-place Improvisor and the show horse, Bold Roll.

DANCERS COUNTESS ($5.40), ridden by Chris McCarron, held off a strereh challenge by Vodka Time to win the $125,000 Matchmaker Stakes at Atlantic City. The bay filly covered the mile and ⅛ths in 1:56. The win entitles Owner G. M. Hollsinger's stable to stallion service during the 1977 breeding season with What A Pleasure, who was recently syndicated for $8 million.

BANQUET TABLE ($7.40), ridden by Jean Cruguet, outdueled Turn of Coin down the stretch to win the 6½ furlong $85,575 Hopeful Stakes for 2-year olds at Saratoga in 1:16⅕.

MOTOR SPORTS—JAMES HUNT of Britain drove a McLaren to victory in the 196.95-mile Dutch Grand Prix at Zandvoort. Hunt took the lead on the 12th lap from pole-sitter Ronnie Peterson of Sweden who later was forced out with mechanical problems and maintained it for the last 63 laps. Clay Regazzoni of Switzerland finished second in a Ferrari. The Ferrarr team had temporarily withdrawn from factory Formula I racing a month ago following an accident involving its top driver, Niki Lauda.

CALE YARBOROUGH drove his Chevrolet to a two-lap victory in the Volunteer 400 Grand National stock car race at Bristol, Tenn. Yarborough, who won $8,950, took the lead on the 28th lap and averaged 99.175 mph on the half-mile track.

SOCCER—NASL: The TORONTO METROS won their first league championship by defeating the Minnesota Kicks 3–0 in the Soccer Bowl at the Seattle Kingdome *(page 24)*.

ASL: ANE MIHAILOVICH's penalty kick with 12 minutes to play gave the Los Angeles Skyhawks a 2–1 win over the New York Apollos and the ASL championship.

TENNIS—WTT: The New York Sets won their first championship, beating the Golden Gaters 29–21 and 31–13 to sweep the series in three straight games. Sandy Mayer defeated Tom Okker 6–1 and 6–1 in successive matches, while Billie Jean King and Virginia Wade beat Francoise Durr and Betty Stove 6–0, 6–2 in doubles.

In Philadelphia, ROSEMARY CASALS and BILLIE JEAN KING defeated Evonne Goolagong and Kerry Reid 7–5, 6–3 to give the U.S. a 2–1 final round victory over Australia and its first Federation Cup championship since 1969. Defending champion Czechoslovakia pulled out of the $130,000 tournament to protest the apartheid policies of South Africa and Rhodesia, both of which had entered teams. The Soviet Union, Hungary and the Philippines also withdrew for the same reason.

ILIE NASTASE of Romania won the $60,000 Tennis Week Open in South Orange, N.J., defeating Roscoe Tanner 6–4, 6–2. In the women's final, South Africa's MARISE KRUGER defeated Lea Antonopils of Glendora, Calif. 6–3, 6–2 after Antonoplis had eliminated Dr. Renee Richards 6–7, 6–3, 6–0 *(page 16)*.

Top-seeded GUILLERMO VILAS of Argentina defeated Poland's Wojek Fibak 6–4, 7–5, 6–2 to win the $155,000 Canadian Open in Toronto.

MILEPOSTS—NAMED: Coach of the Chicago Bulls ED BADGER, 43, replacing Dick Motta, who now coaches the Washington Bullets. A Chicago assistant last season, Badger takes over a team that had the NBA's worst record in 1975-76.

RETIRED: Reluctantly GEORGE BLANDA, 48-year-old placekicker-quarterback for the Oakland Raiders, after a career that spanned a record 26 seasons with three teams. The oldest man to play pro ball by four years, Blanda scored a career record 2,002 points—nine touchdowns, 335 field goals and 943 extra points. He also passed 236 touchdowns.

RULED—By State District Court Judge Charles L. Owens that the NCAA may not force the UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA to reduce the size of its football coaching staff from 10 assistants to eight. The NCAA order was intended to be a cost-curbing measure, but Oklahoma says it wants to win football games rather than save money. The NCAA will appeal.

RULED: By Federal District Judge WALTER K. STAPLETON in Wilmington, Del., that the state of Delaware may proceed with a lottery for parimutuel betting on NFL games *(page 22)*.

CREDITS

11—Drawing by Michael Ramus. **16, 17**—Manny Millan. **18, 19**—Manny Millan, Doug Bruce/Camera 5. **20, 31**—Tony Tomsic. **25**—Al Satterwhite/Camera 5. **31**—Lane Stewart/AP. **32**—Lane Stewart, courtesy Arizona State University. **39**—Lane Stewart, courtesy University of Texas. **40**—Lane Stewart, Pittsburgh Press. **43**—Lane Stewart, courtesy Texas A&M University. **44**—Lane Stewart/AP. **72, 73**—Brian Lanker (2), John Iacono (2). **78, 79**—John Iacono (2), John D. Hanlon (2). **80**—Milt Laderer (1).

FACES IN THE CROWD



ROBERT COCIONOTTO
WANTAGH, N.Y.

Eight-year-old Robert, a third-grader at Sunrise Park elementary school, scored 146 goals and won 80% of his face-offs as a midfielder to lead the Bisons to a 15–0 record and the Mohawk Lacrosse Club's freshman championship.



CONNIE CARPENTER
MADISON, WIS.

A member of the 1972 U.S. Olympic speed-skating team and now a Wisconsin sophomore, Connie, 19, won the U.S. Women's National Bicycle Road Racing championship in Louisville, covering the 36.9-mile course in 1:36.20.



PATRICK A. NITSCH JR.
HOUSTON, TEXAS

At the Texas State championships, Patrick, 13, set national freestyle records in his age group when he swam 50 meters in 27 seconds, 100 in 58.53, 200 in 2:05.97 and 400 in 4:24.70. He was Texas' outstanding boy swimmer the last two years.



ANGELA FAMIANG
EAST MEADOW, N.Y.

Receiving a perfect score, Angela, 16, won the sophomore ladies figure-skating title at the 39th annual U.S. Amateur Roller Skating championships in Fort Worth. She also finished in fifth place in the junior international dance event.



ARDITH SRUCE
COLORADO SPRINGS, COLO.

SUE ANN THOMAS
BRIGHTON, COLO.

Ardith, a 44-year-old grandmother who has been competing in rodeos for 26 years, won the steer undecorating event at the Girls Rodeo Association World Championships in Pueblo West, Colo. She is the oldest contestant to win a GRA world title. Sue Ann, 17, a junior at Brighton High School, won the Brahman bull-riding event; she also was the only entrant to stay aboard her bull for the required eight seconds. She suffered a cut lip and a gash above her left eye during the competition.

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To smoke or not to smoke.

That is the question.

With all the slings and arrows that have been aimed at smoking, you may well be wondering why you smoke at all.

If you don't smoke nobody is urging you to start.

But if you do smoke, you may enjoy it so much you don't want to stop.

There's the rub. Because if you do smoke, what do you smoke?

The cigarettes of the past provided a lot of smoking pleasure but they also delivered a lot of the 'tar' and nicotine the critics have aimed at.

And most of the new wave brands with low 'tar' and nicotine taste like a lot of hot air.

But now Vantage has entered the scene.

Vantage is the cigarette that succeeds in cutting down 'tar' and nicotine without compromising flavor.

While Vantage isn't the lowest 'tar' and nicotine cigarette you'll find, it probably is the lowest one you'll enjoy smoking.

If you smoke, try a pack of Vantage And if you don't, why not show this ad to someone who does.

It might settle the question.



Werning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigerette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

FILTER 11 mg. tar 0.7 mg nicotine MENTHOL 11 mg. tar 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette FTC Report APR '76

19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

Edited by GAY FLOOD

OUT OF THE GHETTO

Sir

I thoroughly enjoyed your article on Albert King and Rodney Parker (*Uneasy Rise of a Brooklyn Star*, Aug. 23). It is a fabulous thing that Parker has done for basketball stars such as Jim McMillian. It's too bad there aren't more people like him to help ghetto youths. Bravo SPORTS ILLUSTRATED! Bravo Rick Telander!

JON KLEINKE
Portsmouth, Ohio

Sir

The article on Albert King and Rodney Parker was one of the best inside stories that has ever found its way into your publication. Thanks.

JEFFREY ROWE
Cincinnati

STENGELESE EXPLAINED

Sir

My interest in baseball began in 1962 with Casey Stengel's New York Mets. In SCORECARD (Aug. 23) you related an anecdote in which the Ol' Perfessor referred to Pitcher Bob Miller as "Nelson," although no one (including Miller) apparently knew why Casey called him that. I think I can provide an explanation.

In that first season, the Mets carried two pitchers named Bob Miller. There was a right-handed pitcher named Robert Lane Miller and a lefthander named Robert Gerald Miller. Calling the righty "Nelson" may have been Casey's way of differentiating between the two.

HOWARD S. WOLK
Flushing, N.Y.

• Not so, according to the real Nelson. Stengel always called Bob L. Miller "Nelson," and he always called Mets Broadcaster Lindsey Nelson "Miller." Says Nelson, "Both names had six letters, and that was close enough for Stengel."—ED

THE 1969 METS

Sir

I enjoyed the article *Begging for a Miracle* (Aug. 16) on pennant winners that came from behind. But let us set the record straight on the 1969 Mets.

According to the text, "On Sept. 15 Cardinal Steve Carlton set a record by fanning 19 Mets and still lost as Ron Swoboda hit two two-run homers. Later the Mets swept a doubleheader when Pitchers Don Cardwell and Jerry Koosman helped themselves to 1–0 wins by driving in the only runs."

The doubleheader sweep wasn't "later," it was earlier. Three days earlier, on Sept. 12, to be exact. Got to keep these historic events in proper perspective.

JACK LANG
Secretary-Treasurer
Baseball Writers Association of America
Huntington Station, N.Y.

A MAN AND A CITY

Sir

I enjoyed talented Roger Kahn's incisive analysis of Stan Musial in Part II of the series *Still a Grand Old Game* (Aug. 16 *et seq.*). Kahn was right—right down to his criticism of the horrible statue of Musial outside St. Louis' downtown stadium—but he didn't squint closely enough at the inscription.

No one "composed" it. In ceremonies before Stan's last game on the final day of the 1963 season, Commissioner Ford Frick said that when Musial went into the Hall of Fame, he hoped the Man's plaque would not dwell on records or statistics, but instead would say "Here stands baseball's perfect warrior; here stands baseball's perfect knight." To those of us thinking about the statue, Frick's comment seemed right on. Thus the inscription, for which Frick is duly credited.

BOB BROEG
Sports Editor
St. Louis Post-Dispatch
St. Louis

Sir

We read the article by Roger Kahn with great interest and great amazement. To quote from Part I: "Alongside the two-lane blacktop that crosses northeast Oklahoma, the land rolls bare and poor. Outside of villages called Broken Arrow and Chouteau lie shacks and rusty house trailers where survivors of the Cherokee Nation live in poverty. This is not farming country. It is hard, red, intractable soil that we have abandoned to the Indians."

Please allow us to inform you about Broken Arrow. It is located in beautiful northeastern Oklahoma, known around the world as "Green Country." Broken Arrow is the official fastest-growing city in Oklahoma, its building permits often exceeding those of Tulsa, 12 miles northwest of us. Unemployment is less than 2% and per-family income is approximately $14,500 annually. There are a few Cherokee Indians who live in and around Broken Arrow, but they add substantially to our economy and certainly do not live in rusty trailer houses and shacks. The soil is good old black dirt, and agriculture remains, as it has for 75 years, a very profitable industry.

Broken Arrow is also the home of Jim Brewer, pitcher for the California Angels; Bill Russell, shortstop for the Los Angeles Dodgers; Charles Harper, former guard for the New York Giants, and other professional sports figures. I am sure that they too will be amazed at the inaccurate picture painted of their city of 24,000 people.

JACK ROSS, President
BERNARD WAGNER, Executive Director
Broken Arrow Chamber of Commerce
Broken Arrow, Okla.

TRAIN TRACKS

Sir:

Far out! I thoroughly enjoyed your article *Oh, Can't You Hear the Whistle Blowing?* (Aug. 23). My wife and I have hiked on railroad beds used at the turn of the century by logging trains in the Monongahela National Forest of West Virginia. We walked through cuts made by Italian immigrants with picks and shovels. We camped next to an abandoned logging town. There truly is something sociable about tracks. We could sense history under our feet.

GLENN MCDONALD
Chillicothe, Ohio

Sir

We used to have a railroad in Oklahoma named the Fort Smith and Western. It never ran on time and was called the Foot Sore and Weary.

MARK F. DYKEMA
Oklahoma City

Sir

My favorite railroad trail is the one in Franklin, N.H. that leads over the abandoned sulphite railroad covered bridge across the Winnepesaukee River, once a branch of the Boston and Maine. The tracks run *over* the bridge, rather than through it.

JOSEPH COHEN
Editor
Covered Bridge Topics
Holliston, Mass.

SIXES AND EIGHTS

Sir

Your item in SCORECARD (Aug. 23) about "eight the hard way" reminded me of a similar experience—with slightly different results. In transit from Fort Knox to my home in Dallas, I passed the dog track in West Memphis, Ark. and decided to take a break. The date was the 6th of June (the sixth month) and it happened to be the sixth race, so I put $6 on the No. 6 dog. Big winner, right? He finished sixth!

CAL ROGERS
Seattle

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